THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, October 16 1954

SIR MALCOLM SARGENT drawn by VICKY

THE NEW

# STATESMAN AND NATION

## The Week-end Review

Vol. XLVIII. No. 1232 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1954 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

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# The Brutal Logic of Mendès-France

THERE is a feeling abroad in France that the era when French interests could be flouted and French Governments bullied into acquiescence is now over. For the first time since 1940, France has become a subject, not an object, of world politics. The strength of this feeling is the real measure of M. Mendès-France's political realism, which was demonstrated yet again by last Tuesday's vote of confidence in the Assembly. The politicians and the parties would have liked to drag him down. They dared not do so.

We welcome this French revival. Without it, Britain would *certainly* have been in a very few years part of a Western alliance committed to a war policy of rolling back the Russians out of Eastern Germany and Eastern Europe. Now, there is a bare possibility of defeating this development, provided that we in Britain appreciate the cause of M. Mendès-France's diplomatic triumphs and of his national popularity. In Indo-China, in Tunisia, in his economic plans and now on the issue of German rearmament, he has cut away the clichés and sentimentalities of his predecessors, and asserted French national interests with what can only be described as a brutal logic. Since the resignation of General de Gaulle, no Frenchman has made so many enemies so fast either among the party leaders in Paris, or round the conference tables where he has had to deal with his allies. "Let them hate me, as long as they respect France" has been his precept.

The most recent application of this precept was his handling of the German problem, in Brussels, and then in London. France, he realises, is passionately opposed to the Anglo-American strategy which requires that West Germany should be given sovereignty and an army. He has consented to our demands solely and simply because the acceptance of that strategy has become, since 1950, the *sine qua non* of the Western alliance. He decided to extort the very highest price possible for his consent, and he has been shrewd enough to choose as his victim the weaker of the two Atlantic partners. Of the U.S. he has demanded nothing whatsoever: under the Act of London, America is entitled to withdraw every soldier from Europe if she so decides. It is Great Britain which he has forced, in one fell swoop, to make all the concessions which French diplomacy failed to obtain in fifty years of pleading and cajoling.

We believe that M. Mendès-France was justified in extorting this sacrifice from Britain. If, in defiance of the French national will—and despite the almost unanimous protest of the German Trade Unions, which include a large section of Dr. Adenauer's working-class supporters—London and Washington are infatuated enough to insist on German rearmament, then the French are entitled to obtain what security they can against the evil consequences of their allies' blindness.

Yet this does not mean that the issue is settled. Even if the Act of London is ratified, as it probably will be, France will still remain opposed to German rearmament, and the French Prime Minister still has a chance of preventing the Treaty ever coming into force. Having appeased his allies and thereby restored Western unity, he must surely use the position of strength thus created in order to seek negotiations with the Russians for a German peace treaty. When that French initiative comes, what will the British attitude be? Shall we continue to maintain that German rearmament is something desirable on its own merits, and join with Mr. Dulles in stifling French diplomacy? Or shall we join the French in trying to reach a realistic understanding with the Soviet Union in the vital months which will elapse between ratification of the Treaty and its implementation in terms of actual German divisions? A firm Anglo-French policy could have prevented both the first and the second World Wars. If only our statesmen use the opportunity created by M. Mendès-France, it can yet prevent the third.

### Mr. Vishinsky Explains

Though neither Mr. Selwyn Lloyd nor the U.S. spokesman, Mr. Wadsworth, pronounced complete satisfaction with the clarifications so far obtained of the more obscure points in the Soviet disarmament plan, Mr. Vishinsky has definitely confirmed this week that the U.S.S.R. is ready to accept a "phased" reduction of arms. The "sticky" point outstanding is the relation between the two proposed control commissions —one temporary, for the first stage, and one permanent—and the Security Council. So far as powers of inspection and verification are concerned, Mr. Vishinsky now appears to concede that these commissions should operate independently of the Council—i.e., their operations should not be subject to Great Power veto. He still, however, argues that "enforcement" must be the province of the Security Council itself—this being the only "political" U.N. Agency capable of applying U.N. sanctions. Would this mean that the U.S.S.R. could obstruct enforcement by applying its veto in the Council? Not if the U.S.S.R. itself were charged with breach of the Disarmament Convention: in that case the power of veto could not be exercised. But it could be exercised in favour of any State allied to the U.S.S.R.

### The Sino-Soviet Pact

The most significant section of the joint declaration issued after the conclusion of Mr. Krushchev's talks in Peking may well prove to be that relating to Japan. Last month, Mr. Molotov told a Japanese newspaper editor that America was the main obstacle to re-establishing relations between Japan and her Eastern neighbours. The U.S.S.R., he said, was ready to "normalise relations". This hint has now been followed by the formal joint statement that China and the U.S.S.R. "in their policy with regard to Japan, are moved by the principle of peaceful co-existence of States, irrespective of their social system". Coupled with Chou En-lai's prompt offer to Japan of a non-aggression pact and trade talks, the Sino-Russian statement suggests that the immediate Communist aim is to gain Japan as an ally—with a solid economic basis for the alliance. Indeed, this emphasis on trade relations as part of co-existence has already paid high dividends to the Communist Bloc. In the middle of last month there were four Asian trade delegations in Moscow—a big group of Japanese industrialists; a delegation from India, where Russia has just agreed to build a new steel plant with half-a-million ton capacity; a Burmese delegation, headed by the Minister of Agriculture; and an Indonesian trade delegation.

As for the rest of the Sino-Soviet agreement, the decisions by the U.S.S.R. to evacuate Port Arthur by next May and to hand over to China their shares in joint Sino-Soviet companies emphasise China's equality as an ally. Other clauses in the new agreement make additional financial and other supplies available to China in the tremendous efforts she is making to become a great industrial nation. Lastly, work is to begin on two railways; one will link the Chinese province of Sinkiang to the South Siberian railway network, the other will link China and the U.S.S.R. through the Mongolian Peoples' Republic. In the past, Western Powers concentrated on China's seaboard provinces and refused to build communications in the interior, whilst it was both Russian and Chinese policy to maintain buffer States in Central Asia. Today, China is free, Russia is an ally.

### Dockers and Busmen

We publish on a later page an article in which Mr. David Ross records his impressions of the present strike in the London docks. The public should realise that, both in this stoppage and in the strike affecting London buses, the governing factor is the legitimate objection of the men to working compulsorily and consistently hours in excess of the agreed week. Both dockers and busmen feel strongly that this is an attempt by the employers to operate with a reduced labour force at the cost of depriving men of leisure which, in both these occupations, is essential for health and efficiency. In the case of the L.T.E. buses, a shortage of about 2,000 crews was concealed only by consistent overtime and extra turns on rest days. When the men agreed, in practically every garage, to put an end to overtime working, the shortage became quickly apparent in reduced services, congested buses, long queues at stopping points.

The announcement, this week, of adjusted schedules was regarded in the garages as a further attempt to defeat the ban on overtime; and a widespread strike was a consequence. The truth, of course, is that the overtime ban itself was imposed in order to apply pressure for higher wages. On their basic working week, bus drivers are now taking home about £7 5s. —less even than the average docker. This is a very low wage in London for a married man: in many garages men have been drifting away at the rate of 30 or 40 per week to secure the higher pay offered in factories; and the situation in many provincial cities is similar.

### Mr. Butler on the Outlook

Surveying Britain's economic prospect, Mr. Butler presented himself to the Blackpool Conference in buoyant mood. "Invest in Success" was his slogan: by "fortifying the nation's internal position," which meant taking action to expand production in industry and agriculture, he could look forward to doubling Britain's standard of living within 25 years. With an eye presumably to an election in the autumn of 1955, the Chancellor dropped broad hints, not merely of help to old-age pensioners, ex-Service men and "those living on fixed incomes," but of "reduced taxation": he would "go on pruning Government expenditure." In this respect, however, Mr. Butler hedged his promises with caution. He must be painfully aware that the London Agreement will eventually cost him the loss of £200m. in Germany's contribution to Occupation expenditure, and that the agricultural deficiency payments are totting up to an immense and still incalculable figure. Thus, standing on the platform between the incubus of the Foreign Secretary and the succubus of the Minister of Agriculture, with the powerful Farm Lobby behind him, the Chancellor warned his audience that they were "not going to get all the benefits shared out at once": there would be "no mass bribery" of the electorate.

### After Malan

The retirement of Dr. Malan at the end of next month is unlikely to lead to any immediate change in South African policy. It is probable that he will be succeeded by his Minister of Finance, Mr. N. C. Havenga, General Hertzog's old lieutenant. But Mr. Havenga will only be a stop-gap Premier, holding the ring by agreement of the main contestants for power within the National Party. The intransigeant republicans, led by Mr. Strydom and Dr. Verwoerd, will fight out their private battle with the moderate constitutionalists, whose champion is Dr. Donges. The extremists are likely to win. They not only control the Transvaal stronghold, but can play upon Dr. Donges' failure to remove the Coloured voters, while Donges will no longer have Malan's powerful support. Within a few years Strydom will become either Prime Minister or President, unless his first visit to Europe in the near future opens him to the charge of being contaminated by the French—let alone the Bolshevik—Revolution!

### Hounding Lattimore

It is no accident that the Administration has revived the Lattimore case at this moment. The Republicans clearly hope to gain from a revival of the charges that Professor Lattimore was a "promoter of Communist interests" who greatly influenced Democratic policy. They have, indeed, made immediate use of the new indictment, scattering copies of it throughout Wyoming, where Mr. O'Mahoney—one of Mr. Lattimore's lawyers—is making a strong bid to regain his seat in the Senate. Few electoral tricks can be more disreputable than to attack a candidate by blackguarding one of his professional clients. There has, however, never been much pretence that the persecution of Owen Lattimore was not a political stunt. He emerged creditably from his ordeals by committee; the Tydings report declared that the charges against him were "a fraud and a hoax"; and the District and Circuit Courts agreed to dismiss the main count in the first indictment on the grounds that the phrase "Communist sympathiser" was too vague and conjectural to sustain a charge of perjury. In the new indictment, this has been amended to the claim that Mr. Lattimore lied when he denied being "a follower of the Communist line"—a charge supported by twisted quotations. Mr. Lattimore may have made wrong judgments in a long and distinguished career; that is no reason why he should be put on trial for them.

### Stop the Presses

*An Industrial Correspondent writes:* The dispute which stopped the presses of the national newspapers on Sunday evening, was due to a conflict of two traditions in an industry where the trade unions' strength rests partly on strict observance of traditions. The immediate cause of the stoppage was the failure of the two unions concerned to agree about the replacement of three men who were to go on holiday; when the presses of the *Daily Sketch* came to a stop, those of the other members of the Newspaper Proprietors Association were stopped soon after, in accordance with the four-year-old agreement that if one newspaper ceases publication due to a trade

dispute, all the others close down—though the dispute was, in fact, confined to the *News of the World* machine-room, where the *Daily Sketch* has been printed since it was acquired eighteen months ago by the Rothermere group.

This transfer was the origin of the trouble. The *News of the World* presses are minded by members of the National Society of Operative Printers and Assistants, who claimed that their rule—"the custom of the house"—required that the *Sketch* should now come within their jurisdiction. But, before the sale of the *Sketch* by Lord Kemsley, its machines had been in charge of the Printing Machine Managers' Trade Society, whose rule is that they should "follow the job," and which therefore asked that its skilled members should move from Kemsley House to the *News of the World* building.

An interim settlement was reached fifteen months ago, after the threat of a stoppage such as that which occurred last Monday had led the Minister of Labour to set up a court of inquiry. By this, members of the P.M.M.T.S. who had "followed the job" would be replaced as they retired or left by N.S.O.P.A. men. The Machine Managers never liked this agreement; they felt that the N.S.O.P.A. men were, in effect, semi-skilled operatives. They then secured a ruling from the T.U.C. disputes panel that the *Sketch* should become a "shared house," in which membership of the two unions would be maintained in roughly equal proportions. N.S.O.P.A., in turn, found this proposal unfavourable, and had not finally decided by last week-end whether to accept or reject it. When the question arose of holiday replacements, the Machine Managers claimed that this should be done under the T.U.C. proposal of a "shared house" while N.S.O.P.A. argued that the "replacement" agreement pravailed. In short, the roots of this dispute lie in the efforts of a "craft" union to hold its ground.

## PARIS

### Political Geometry

*Our Paris Correspondent writes:* French parliamentary reactions to the London Agreement can, perhaps, be best expressed in geometrical terms. The Assembly, like Gaul, is divided into three parts, and it currently bears a distinct resemblance to a right-angled triangle: the opponents of German rearmament in any form and the die-hard "Europeans" make up the smaller sides, with M. Mendès-France balancing precariously on the hypotenuse. Fortunately for the Government, though the supporters of German rearmament within a Brussels-Nato framework are outnumbered by the two other groups together, the "Europeans," in practice, cannot vote with the Communists against what is now official Nato policy. The most they dare do is abstain. Hence, even before the debate began, Mendès-France was assured of a majority. The only question to be decided was its size.

The tactics Mendès-France used to secure a large majority are therefore of considerable interest. At the outset three courses lay open to him. First, he could take the vote on a Government-inspired motion without making it an issue of confidence. A spot-check taken during the debate revealed that this would produce only 240 votes for, with 220 against and 160 abstentions. This solution had thus to be rejected out of hand. Secondly, he could accept a Socialist or "European"-inspired motion, which approved the London Agreement in principle, but which added a string of pre-conditions—a more effective control mechanism, political integration and Big Four talks—to be written into the final agreement. This was the method followed by Mendès-France's predecessors during the E.D.C. negotiations, and it was strongly urged on him by M. Mollet. But Mendès-France was anxious, above all, to avoid the disastrous merry-go-round of *conditions préalables*. As he told Mollet, "I can't sign my name to a *Figaro* editorial." He was thus inevitably driven to the third alternative: to make the vote an issue of confidence. Under Assembly procedure, this adjourned the vote until Tuesday and gave the Socialists and the M.R.P. a chance to consult their supporters.

As it turned out, the third course was tactically the right one. During the early stages of the debate, a large section of the M.R.P., led by M. Bidault, had seriously considered voting against the Government. But at the National Committee meeting, held on Sunday, the Bidault wing agreed simply to abstain. The meeting, it is true, gave rise to some bitter criticisms of the agreement, particularly of what was called the "superior" position of Britain in the matter of arms control. "Britain has joined in the Franco-German tennis match," said one deputy, "but only to act as umpire." Nevertheless, it became quite clear that the Party could not, in the last resort, vote *against* the London Agreement. As M. Bidault put it, "We are more against voting for than for voting against."

The meeting of the Socialist National Committee, held on Monday, was even more important. For purely political reasons, a vote of abstention, which could re-establish Party unity, was preferable. But, during the week-end, the motions received by Party headquarters from local federations reflected a strong current of opinion in favour of Mendès-France. This was particularly marked in industrial areas, such as the Nord, where the principal Socialist opponent is the C.P. For some time, Party workers have advised headquarters that to support Mendès-France is electorally profitable, and this argument was reinforced on Sunday by the Government's announcement of its new wage-policy, which was well received in trades-union circles. Hence, at the meeting, the switch from abstention to support of the Government (which seemed unlikely on Friday) was accomplished fairly easily. The meeting, however, served another purpose: for the first time it brought up, in concrete terms, the question of Socialist participation in the Government. The day before, M. Mollet spent over an hour discussing the details with Mendès-France over the telephone, and most observers agree that the Socialist leadership cannot now hold out much longer.

Nevertheless, Tuesday's vote must be interpreted as a very qualified endorsement of the London Agreement. The feeling in the Assembly against German rearmament in any form is strong; indeed, the principal objection raised during the debate—the existence of an independent German General Staff—is shared by a clear majority of the Assembly. There is also a very general desire for stronger structural links between "The Seven." It can even be argued that a "Negative E.D.C. majority" exists in the Assembly—in other words, that there is a majority opposed to the absence, in any final agreement, of at least some of the principles of E.D.C. If the Socialists join the Government, these factors will become more, not less, important. Hence, it is quite clear that to get the final texts through the Assembly will take a great deal of hard work.


## SADISM FOR KIDS

*In response to readers' requests, Mr. Kingsley Martin's article has been reprinted as a leaflet. To those who can make good use of them, copies are available free of charge from*

"COMICS" CAMPAIGN COUNCIL
23 Tillingbourne Gardens, London, N.3
*or*
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## NEW YORK

### Segregation and the Schools

*Our New York Correspondent writes:* The outburst of student "strikes" in high schools in Delaware, Maryland and the District of Columbia seems to have been quelled, at least for the present. The demonstrations were in protest against the integration of Negroes into the school system, in accordance with the Supreme Court's decision. These "Border" areas were the first to attempt de-segregation and the real tests of the Court's historic order will not come until the attempt is made to mix Negro and White children in the schools of the Deep South. But some lessons can be learned from the strikes that have already taken place. It is evident that much will depend on the spirit with which the public officials concerned discharge their obligations.

The strikes were touched off by an organised protest against the enrolment of eleven Negroes at the previously all-White high school at Milford, Delaware. The psychology of the mob operated here. At first a relatively small number of students stayed away from school. But within a couple of days the boycott was almost complete. It is difficult to determine how many parents kept their children away from school on grounds of principle and how many were motivated merely by the desire to keep their children away from trouble. Certainly the desire to conform with the "popular" trend had a lot to do with it. Thus, once the process had started, only firm action on the part of the authorities could stop it from spreading. At Milford the school board showed lamentable weakness. Within a week it had capitulated and transferred the Negroes to a high school at Dover eighteen miles away. This was a triumph for the racialist agitators, which they did not fail to exploit. The National Association for the Advancement of White People, an organisation established last May specifically to fight educational de-segregation, held rallies throughout the neighbouring areas. Bryant W. Bowles, the Association's chairman, now arrested by order of the Governor of Delaware, is a skilled rabble-rouser with a police record. The point he hammered home was that direct action at Milford had led to a reversal of integration. As a result, student strikes spread to Baltimore and Washington. That they were the outcome of agitation rather than spontaneous is demonstrated by the fact that the school term had been in session for more than three weeks with Negroes sitting amicably beside White students before there was trouble of any sort.

The police department in Washington declared that they would strictly enforce the rules on unlawful assembly and the Superintendent of Schools, Hobart W. Corning, announced that all students who failed to attend school would forfeit all privileges and honours, such as athletic participation and club posts. There was no hint of any intention of reversing the integration process. Unwavering determination to abide by the letter of the law and the spirit of the Constitution had beaten back the forces of racial agitation. But no such determination will be found farther South, where in the main public officials are allied with the agitators in defiance of the law.

# Party Conferences and the B.B.C.

PROFITING from its experience of filming last week's Tory Conference, the B.B.C. has indicated that, in 1955, the Conferences will go out "live" or not at all. The view is held at Broadcasting House (and may well be shared at the Conservative Central Office) that the production of last week's filmed programmes did not justify its cost, and did not result in programmes bright enough for the peak evening viewing hours. The proposal to relay the Conferences "live" may not only make for brighter viewing, but will occupy times not otherwise normally used for B.B.C. television. The careful stage management of the Tory Conference makes this prospect a fairly safe bet for the Tories. But what of Labour? It may be reluctant to allow its heated debates to be relayed for all to see, and it may hold that the honesty and clarity of democratic argument are impaired by being conducted in the limelight. But such considerations are unlikely to outweigh the obvious advantage that the Tories would gain by a monopoly of TV publicity.

The Labour Conference is far from perfectly democratic. But, with all its faults, it is an important part of the process of democracy as the Parties now practise it in Britain. The decisions are real ones, binding on the Party, and to a great extent on Labour Governments. It is largely in reaction to public appreciation of the Labour Conference, which enjoys, as it were, sovereign rights, that Lord Woolton and his attendant press have tried to build up the Conservative Conference as a rival attraction. Yet, for all the publicity, the Conservative Conference remains in essence no more than a demonstration, without effective power of decision. The Labour Party could kill it by allowing the public to see the workings of its own Conference, indiscretions and all. Naturally the Party must reserve the right to refuse the televising of any particular session, as today it reserves the right to exclude the press. But once that right is established, the more that whole debates are televised the better. This, we understand, is what the B.B.C. contemplates and it offers Labour a golden opportunity to bring home to the public that most of its "dissensions" are no more than the argument which must precede democratic decision.

The problem of covering the two Conferences by sound radio remains an equally important and far more difficult one. To record a complete debate (or something close to it) on TV is just possible, but to broadcast, "live," whole sessions by sound radio is totally impracticable. Not only would such relays, without vision, be insufferably dull, but it would be impossible to provide the programme time. Condensation and editing have to take place; and here lie the snags. This year's coverage by the B.B.C. news service seems to us to have been reasonably objective and fair. The inter-party commentary, however, broadcast in the Light Programme each night of both Conferences turned out to be a disaster for the Labour Party—and for reasons which could hardly have been foreseen and were, in a sense, nobody's fault. The B.B.C.'s choice of speakers seemed, before the series, reasonable enough. Had the discussion taken place under a firm chairman, or within any recognised rules of order, the Labour spokesman, an accomplished Parliamentarian and a successful Junior Minister in the last Government, would no doubt have held his own. In the event he was out-played by an opponent who, though a professional journalist, chose to conduct the discussion as an extreme partisan, and who used a louder voice and a less diffident manner to shout his opponent down. We do not blame the Conservative for using the tactics that suited him best. We do not blame the Labour man for failing in a type of contest to which he was unaccustomed and of which he justly disapproved. We do not blame the B.B.C., which clearly attempted to pick an evenly matched pair. But the result has done the Labour Party incalculable damage among the listening public. It could easily have been the other way round.

Last year, the B.B.C. launched this programme, *Straight from the Conference*, with an exceptionally able pair of speakers, who, without missing Party points, none the less managed to conduct a serious and reasonably objective discussion. The result was both illuminating and entertaining. This year, it was neither. Party Conferences have now become such an important item in the Parties' approach to the public that neither set of Party managers can view without the gravest alarm a method of B.B.C. reporting which carries such public hazards. What is to be done about it? Refusing the B.B.C. permission to relay extracts from the Conference proceedings (without which this sort of programme could not take place) is no answer. The Parties and the public depend on the B.B.C. to foster popular interest in party politics at a time of great apathy. Nor do we believe that giving the two Parties the right to nominate their own spokesmen in such a programme is necessarily the correct solution: there is already far too great a tendency towards Party censorship of the B.B.C. Yet this is the solution which will, in fact, be imposed, unless the B.B.C. can find a better one for itself. It might be worth while dropping M.P.s from this sort of programme altogether, in the hope that professional commentators would find it easier to conduct a more objective discussion. It might be worth imposing on the programme the degree of editing which could easily be achieved by pre-recording it. The solution may be to introduce a chairman, strong enough and fair enough to see that each Party gets a reasonable showing.

Whatever conclusion the B.B.C. may come to it must be guided by two considerations. First, that with the decline of the public meeting and the lack of objectivity of the popular press, the public and the political parties depend on TV and radio more than on any other medium to foster political understanding and responsibility; secondly, that, however great their desire to show tolerance, neither Tories nor Socialists can willingly risk the damage occasioned by the sort of unbalance that occurred in this year's broadcasts.

# The Plight of U.S. Liberalism

THE clearest impression I have brought back with me from the United States is that, although Joe McCarthy himself is a dying duck, what we wrongly call McCarthyism is not. The real menace to liberty has little to do with the Senator from Wisconsin, who merely exploited it for his personal advancement. It has a great deal to do with loyalty tests and the totalitarian atmosphere which they create. That atmosphere is as murky as ever.

I was last in America nearly three years ago. Then the Democrats were still in office and the loyalty tests and anti-Communist hysteria, though poisonous, were not intolerable, because a liberal could still feel he had a friend at court. Since the Eisenhower regime took over, however, that comforting feeling has evaporated and the urge to conformity correspondingly increased. This year, though one or two newspapers keep up the struggle, I could find no organised opposition either in the Unions or in the Democratic Party to the New Loyalty. According to this dogma, Communism is a terrible disease, which threatens the American way of life and which can only be met by the elimination of Communists. Loyal Americans, therefore, must be constantly fearful of infection and ready to accept the most ruthless tests in order to defeat the epidemic—tests which may force you to denounce your best friend as a secret carrier owing to something he did or said twenty years ago.

These loyalty tests, based on literally millions of F.B.I. files, are as impracticable and morally corrupting as the Nuremberg Laws. That someone supported American-Soviet friendship in the 1930s is usually as irrelevant a ground for disqualifying him from public service today as the possession of a Jewish grandmother. Moreover, they have created an atmosphere of suppressed suspicion and fear, which I can best illustrate by two trivial incidents. In Chicago a trade unionist took me back to his home from a gathering of liberals in order to say to me privately, "Don't take their attacks on the Labour delegation too seriously. They have to talk that way. You tell Attlee to go on writing sense about China; once he has said it, we can quote him as our authority, and that makes one feel safer." A few days later the wife of the proprietor of a great newspaper remarked after dinner, "My teacher at Vassar in the 1930s was a Communist, and it's only by the grace of God that I didn't join the Y.C.L. twenty years ago. If I had done so, just for a few months, I don't know what would have happened to our paper today."

Of course the visitor soon takes the atmosphere of the New Loyalty for granted, like any American. All the same, I was constantly surprised to notice how old friends would suppress as "dangerous thoughts" ideas which, when I last saw them, they accepted, or at least were able to discuss rationally. What else can they do when even Robert Oppenheimer, in the course of his magnificent defence before the Loyalty Board last spring, described his support for the Spanish Loyalists as "idiotic." It may well be that, like so many intellectuals, he opposed Franco in the 1930s with a woolly-minded idealism which did more credit to his heart than to his head. What is tragic is that he is now both ashamed and afraid of his past—and that makes him terribly vulnerable to attack.

Of course, the victims of the New Loyalty are a tiny minority of the population. Nine Ameri-

cans out of ten, like nine Englishmen out of ten, are "good security risks" because they were too apathetic about politics in the 1930s to join societies and pay subscriptions. In the Era of anti-Communism they have changed their views, as they change their motor-cars. It is only the "joiners" and the opinion-formers who supported the New Deal, Republican Spain and the Russian alliance that get it in the neck when the Americanism of yesterday becomes the treason of today. Those who suffer are the civil servants, journalists, radio and television commentators and trade union officials in exposed positions. And for them it was the Hiss case, not the activities of Joe McCarthy, which was the real disaster. Guilt by association does not merely mean the public smearing of a few prominent individuals. Hundreds of thousands of American liberals felt themselves on trial along with Hiss; and all of them—apart from the very few who still believe Hiss innocent—share a sense of guilt now that he has been proved guilty, which inhibits not only free discussion but free thought as well. This sense of guilt may partly explain the eagerness with which so many have jumped on the anti-Communist band-wagon. Since they are no longer certain that their previous views were right, why not seek safety in conformism?

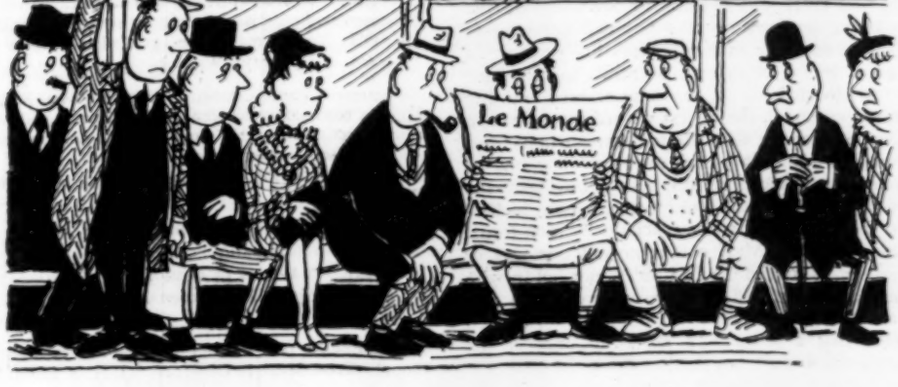
The most extreme example of this liberal conformism is the new anti-Communist law which goes far further in its threat to civil liberty than anything McCarthy proposed—promoted by two of the most eminent liberal Democrats, Senators Humphries and Paul Douglas. When I asked Douglas about this measure, he replied very fiercely that the Republican Party does not really want to destroy the Communist Party. "They keep it in existence," he said, "and use it to smear Democrats like myself. We liberals must destroy the Communists if this dirty game is to stop." Is it unfair to suggest that his attitude is not unlike that of the Germans in the late 1920s who tolerated Jew-baiting in order to preserve the Weimar Republic? At any rate, I could not help observing with wry amusement that, in the Illinois election campaign, Douglas's Republican opponent had switched his attack from Communism to Fabian Socialism—a foreign idea (he tells his audiences) F. D. R. introduced from England and which has been poisoning American life for twenty years. Douglas, of course, did call himself a Fabian Socialist in the 1920s, and now he is feverishly trying to live that disreputable past down. But will he really do so by accepting his opponent's dogma?

One of the things I tried to discover on this trip was precisely what liberals have to fear if they refuse to conform. One difficulty about answering this question is that so very few have done so. I spent one evening listening to descriptions of the "reign of terror" in Chicago, which reminded me of life in Fascist Italy. But when I asked for the names of people who had actually lost their jobs for speaking their minds, no one could give me an example. Then a retired schoolmistress chimed in. "During the anti-Red period in the 1920s I worked for the steel strikers out here, and when the school board challenged me I told them that what I did out of school hours was none of their business. The trouble with these young people who have been telling you about the dangers of non-conformity is that they are too comfortable and have too much to lose."

Next day, talking to a social worker, I realised that this explanation was far too simple. He is the head of a social settlement in the slums, dedicated to the principle of free speech for all; and had been investigated by the American Legion and exposed by the *Chicago Tribune* for once letting a hall to a "Front" organisation. Finally, unkindest cut of all, his passport had been refused him when he had been invited to attend an international conference in Britain. "It's a terrible thing to be the heir to a liberal tradition," he said to me. "I know I did wrong, but I had to give way, and there's no free discussion in our settlement any more. After all, I'm sixty, and I did my share of fighting when I was young and a union organiser. That doesn't excuse me, of course, but didn't I have to think of my splendid staff and the work they are doing? Would it be fair to them if our donors cut off their subscriptions just because I stick to a principle?"

The plight of that decent, conscientious, unhappy social worker seemed to me to represent the condition of American liberalism today. They are scared—sometimes unreasonably, but far too often with only too sound grounds—of the F.B.I. and the amateur witch-hunters who will continue to plague the United States, even if the Senate does censure McCarthy. If they are civil servants, this leads to "working to rule"; if journalists, to punch-pulling; if teachers, to the avoidance of dangerous subjects. Worst of all, they have willingly or unwillingly come to terms with the New Loyalty. By accepting it and seeking only to moderate its excesses, the liberal movement is conniving at its own destruction. The fight must be carried on by individuals and small isolated groups. I met some of them and I pay my tribute to their quiet courage. They are the salt which has *not* lost its savour. Usually they are not the vociferous New Dealers of the 1930s and A.D.A.s of the 1950s, but conservatives or non-party men and women, who have no guilt about the past to inhibit their present indignation. For this reason they feel free to attack a concept of loyalty which violates the whole American tradition of individual revolt against authority. If I am asked whence the movement to restore American freedom will come, I would forget the professional liberals and put my faith in these men and women.

R. H. S. Crossman




# London Diary

Conservative conferences cannot of course frame policy, but what they can do is to help in making and unmaking leaders. From this point of view what matters is the length and intensity of the cheering before and after the big speeches. At Blackpool Anthony Eden won hands down on the "*before*" cheers, but Rab Butler, to everyone's surprise, got first prize for the even more significant "*after*" ovation. Most important of all, Sir Winston came a bad second in both. So the Conference, while avoiding a single phrase which did not reek of adulation for its Leader, clearly indicated its distaste for his ambition to equal Mr. Gladstone's record and form a government when he is over 83. No wonder! With the Gallup Poll showing that three voters out of five believe that Sir Winston has already outstayed his welcome, the Tory machine—which, anyway, has never regarded him as sound—is beginning to feel seriously alarmed lest the vagaries of the G.O.M. may cost them the next election. When a Grand Old Man becomes an Old Man of the Sea, the gentlemanly party can become extremely caddish. I would not be surprised if behind the scenes moves were already beginning to enforce his voluntary retirement on his 80th birthday in November.

* * *

A few weeks ago, a friend was discussing Indo-China with a prominent American liberal. "Isn't it true," he asked, "that at the time of the Dien Bien Phu crisis, Radford and Dulles were prepared to risk a general war and that orders were prepared for U.S. aircraft carriers to sail?" The American was scandalised. "A typical anti-American lie," he said. I wonder what he thinks now, for I assume that he has read the sensational article which recently appeared in the *Reporter*, written by Chalmers M. Roberts. This gives the most detailed account I have seen of the events leading up to that April week-end when, as Nehru said shortly afterwards, the world hovered on the edge of the abyss. On the morning of Saturday, April 3, Dulles and Radford called eight senior members of Congress to a secret meeting in the State Department. They were asked whether Congress would pass a joint resolution to permit the President to use air and naval power in Indo-China. After Dulles had drawn a grave picture of the emergency facing the U.S., Admiral Radford described his plan. Two hundred planes from the carriers *Boxer* and *Essex* would be joined in a massive air strike by land-based aircraft from the Philippines. He was asked whether this would mean war. Yes, it would. If it did not save Dien Bien Phu, would there be a follow up? "Yes." Senator Knowland, who had at first seemed pleased with the plan, gradually became more gloomy. Then Senator Johnson asked whether Radford's scheme had the approval of the other Joint Chiefs. "No," said Radford, "but I have spent more time in the Far East than any of them and I understand the situation better." Had any of America's allies been consulted? "No," said Dulles.

The Congressmen made it clear to Dulles that they were not prepared to go it alone. He spent the next three weeks in frantic negotiations—out of which Seato eventually came—that culminated in his meeting with Bidault in Paris on Friday, April 23. When Bidault asked for intervention, he was told that it depended on the British. Next day Radford arrived in Paris, and there told Eden that if the British approved the plan, the President would go to Congress on the Monday—the day on which the Geneva Conference was due to open—and ask for authorisation to intervene; the strike on Dien Bien Phu, he added, could take place on the Wednesday. That was when Eden suddenly returned to London for a special Cabinet meeting. Threatened with the collapse of the Geneva Conference, and with the danger of general war in the Far East, Britain refused to accept the plan and thus give the moral cover of "united action" to unilateral American intervention. War seems to have been averted by the reluctance of Congress to go it alone and by Britain's refusal to go it at all.

* * *

For the last seven years Nehru has been Prime Minister, Foreign Secretary and Defence Minister of India. He is also President of the Congress Party. Very wisely, it seems to me, he has now warned India that he is not immortal, that, though gifted with an astounding resilience, he cannot for ever exercise all these offices together, continuously address adoring crowds in every part of India, and also maintain his freshness as a thinker and world statesman. He is not in a hurry to give up any of his offices, but wants people seriously to think about succession. This is a political choice. Most of the names that people in the West know, like Sadar Pannikar and Krishna Menon, who is playing such a distinguished role as Foreign Minister at large, are probably not politically in the running. The actual names canvassed in India are those of Morarjibhai Desai, now Chief Minister in Bombay. He is incorruptible, capable and an ardent prohibitionist. Chintaman Deshmukh, now Finance Minister, is a very able civil servant. Another figure talked of is Govind Pant, Chief Minister, U.P. Unfortunately he is two years older than Nehru. Jai Prakash Narain, a close disciple of Gandhi, who seemed Nehru's natural heir, recently resigned from the leadership of the Socialist Party and has thrown himself into Vinoba Bhave's land campaign.

* * *

The Kenya situation is so bad that most people here now try not to think about it. Talk about Mau Mau being nearly liquidated seemed to be blown sky high by the recent daring rescue of Mau Mau prisoners quite near Nairobi. The figures of people executed for association, either direct or indirect, with Mau Mau, make one feel ashamed. I am not, therefore, surprised that Fenner Brockway's Movement for Colonial Freedom, started last April, has already affiliated over a hundred constituency Labour Parties and big trade unions like the Distributive Workers and the A.E.U. This week it opened a campaign with meetings in Birmingham, Swansea, and other centres. What, I asked, are its concrete proposals, apart from generalisations about racial co-operation and the rest? The reply is that when the "General China" negotiations started, a thousand Mau Mau partisans gathered to lay down their arms (this was the official Kenya Government figure). They dispersed because firing began on the edge of the "forest area," where the "surrender" was to take place. The Mau Mau people thought they had been trapped. It is now urged that this experiment shows that large numbers of Mau Mau would like to stop fighting; therefore, another attempt of the same sort should take place. This involves finding a trusted European—I can think of several who could not reasonably be suspected by either side—and also a respected African leader. Men like Achiang Oneko, Secretary of the K.A.U., who was charged with Kenyatta, but acquitted, or Odede, who is a Legco Member now in detention, surely should be considered.

* * *

Charles Wilson, U.S. Secretary of Defence, is one of those amateur politicians whose frankness embarrasses his own party and delights his opponents. I would have thought that he would have acquired some discretion after his shattering admission some time ago that "what's good for General Motors is good for the country"—a classic revelation of a big businessman's unconscious assumptions. Yet his latest gaffe seems likely to be even more damaging electorally. Few things hurt Michigan Republicans more than for the former president of General Motors to tell unemployed auto-workers that he prefers a dog that gets out to hunt for food to one that "sits on his haunches and yells." Hunt for work in Detroit when Defence contracts have petered out? Wilson is a strange man. He is undoubtedly a political reactionary; so too is the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Humphreys. Yet these two are strong opponents in the Cabinet of the "preventive war" advocates—so strong, in fact, that they are regarded as the "peace party." They express, I think, an important strand of business opinion; they do not want war, which brings controls and stiff taxes as well as other unpleasantness. Yet they want large Defence contracts for the big corporations and low taxes on profits. A fair-to-middling Cold War, in short.

* * *

How did it happen that, while the *Observer* and the Beaverbrook Press were silent about the Tate Gallery Report, the only two papers that were positively critical of the omissions were the *Daily Telegraph* and the *N.S. & N.*? The answer is simple. Politics had nothing to do with the question, and the attitude of newspapers depended on what information had reached their editors and proprietors. It was quite obvious, for instance, that the *Spectator, Manchester Guardian* and some other journals, had been shown a now notorious private letter about "hounding" the Director out of the Tate, and other evidence that suggested a "campaign of calumny." This foolish letter was also shown to this journal, and nearly determined its outlook. The editor naturally disliked the flavour of personal animosity. But having seen other evidence which proved that great injustice had been done to individuals, the *N.S. & N.* decided to publish facts which did not appear in other papers. Why were these facts not dealt with in the Report? Again, the answer is not difficult. The reason is not that there was nothing to cover up; on the contrary, as everyone who has had anything to do with the Tate in recent years knows, there is a great deal to cover up. So much so, that once it was decided not to have any scandal and any drastic overhaul, the easiest way of escape was to say nothing at all. Partial explanations and apologies would have been most embarrassing. I doubt the wisdom of this policy; obviously the truth, known to quite a number of people, including the six members of a special delegation to the Chancellor last May, will come out one way or another. Why did the *N.S. & N.* not fall in with the gentlemanly effort to cover everything up? I am afraid the answer is nothing but an ingrained belief that a journalist's job is to uncover the truth, not to push her further down the well.

During the London Agreement talks, one of the diplomats is reported to have said of M. Mendès-France that he was "a Frenchman who only drank milk, and a Jew without a sense of humour." The truth is that he was too tough for them, and got his own way. One negotiator said that he was nearly as difficult to bargain with as Hitler. "You say the table is brown; he says it is red. Contradict him, and he repeats that it is red. So you take out a cigar, and you ask what colour that is? He replies, 'I don't smoke.'"

CRITIC

## DIGGERS' SONG—A.D. 3954

We were digging up London and sifting
  In haste, for there wasn't much time;
Mechanical shovels were shifting
  Some twentieth century slime
When we came on a ruin—though shabby
  Its probable purpose was plain :
We guessed it was Westminster Abbey,
  So we shovelled it under again.

The late Pre-Atomic religions
  Are known by their numerous fanes:
St. Paul's, where they worshipped the pigeons;
  St. Pancras, devoted to trains;
The Mansion House where, with regalia,
  A mare received honour and thanks—
And we know of those strange Saturnalia,
  The holidays sacred to Banks.

Little is known of the British:
  They spoke the American tongue,
Their elderly statesmen were skittish,
  Despair was the mark of the young;
At land reclamation* they sweated
  For an army they could not afford,
Harassed, bewildered, indebted,
  Taxed and conscripted and bored.

The commonest end of a nation
  Is disinclination to live;
Consider this civilisation
  We're hurriedly trying to sieve:
The suicide pacts they contracted,
  The curve of their armament boom—
No puppets could ever have acted
  So perfect a pageant of doom.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

* Presumably a reference to "filling up pools," which appears to have been the principal occupation of the people during the critical years before the Cobalt War.

## THIS ENGLAND

**Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.**
**Paste entries on a POSTCARD.**

An Ascot official said unofficially that there might be difficulty in filling the new enclosure suitably if divorced persons were excluded.—*News Chronicle.* (Pat Brightmore.)

"This is a mean, low-down, contemptible type of crime. No one with any decency steals from a surgeon while he is operating on someone," said the Old Street magistrate yesterday.—*Sunday Dispatch.* (Alphonsus Walsh.)

Somerset County Council is providing Mrs. May King, a road safety warden, of Keynsham, with a black beret, because her brown one is not part of an authorised warden's garb and makes a schoolchildren's crossing illegal.—*Daily Telegraph.* (W. M. Berry.)

PRINTING TRADE DISPUTE
NO DAILY PAPERS
PLENTY OF COMICS

—*Notice at Sydenham Station Bookstall.* (D. P. Cowdy.)

The English race was not made on foreign white flour!—From letter in *Observer.* (J. H. S. Elliott.)

# East of Aldgate

THE old stevedore was speaking. "So I apprenticed my boy as a lighterman and . . . " The burly lighterman sitting opposite us in the dockside pub cut in. "You what?" he asked, and there was an aggressive note in the question. The stevedore repeated what he had said, but less surely. He was a small man.

"What do you mean?" said the lighterman. "You, a stevedore, apprenticed your son as a *lighterman* . . . ? "Yes," said the old gaffer. "Well, that's to say I didn't apprentice him myself exactly. He was apprenticed by . . . " and he named a firm.

"I don't care who apprenticed him. What I want to know is what's a stevedore's son doing as a lighterman? That's what I want to know. What's your son's branch? Where's he working now? I'll soon put a stop to that. A stevedore's son as a lighterman . . . "

He wouldn't be able to put a stop to it, a union official explained later. But the argument illustrated something of the world of the docks, a new world which begins East of Aldgate—a clean, proud district, with probably more post-war homes than any other part of London.

I first met the dockers in the pubs on Sunday morning. It was a strike Sunday, but they had turned out, as usual, in their best suits that all seemed to have come straight from a tailor, raincoats hanging squarely from shoulders that did not need to be forced back, every man with a stiff collar and shoes glistening as though prepared for advertisements. They all looked as though they had shaved twice with cut-throats before coming out. Mostly they drank stout from pint glasses. The wives, of course, were at home. They are a good bunch, and they talked earnestly. Many different grievances were mentioned.

"Nowadays they expect you to sort the meat for them and you get nothing extra for it." "You get less money now than for a full week before the war, considering what you can do with it." "Yes, but then you got one day's work a week sometimes." And again and again: "We don't mind overtime. We often need to do it because of the pay. But we ought to decide for ourselves when we want it." That is the attitude of the National Amalgamated Stevedores and Dockers, the union that is leading the strike. It is led by Dick Barrett, a grey-haired, vigorous man who is bitter about the way the press has treated the strike and his union. He is concentrating everything on the overtime issue to avoid confusion. "We're not asking for a rise," I heard him tell a meeting at the dock gates early one morning this week. "What we want is a declaration that overtime is not compulsory." The pay issue has been raised by the Transport and General Workers' Union, which has ignored the stevedores as a reprisal for "poaching."

Dick Barrett insists that he is not taking part in any union "poaching" or "raiding," and I heard him tell the dockers: "We're not recruiting while a dispute is on. If you want to join our union, you've got to do it after the strike. And think it over carefully and then if you're coming, come clean"—that is, don't leave the T. & G.W.U. owing "subs."

The dockers talk about the overtime issue more than about their pay. There is a principle involved, they say, and they explain the practical side of it, too. They had fought for years for their eight-hour day—that is, eight to five, with an hour off for lunch, five days a week, and eight to noon on Saturday—forty-four hours in all. "Now the foreman comes along at four in the afternoon and says 'you're on till seven, mate.' If you refuse, well, you're reported to the Dock Labour Board and they have you up before the tribunal and you're suspended. That means no pay, no dole, just Assistance."

When the overtime ban was introduced, there were about 2,000 unemployed—not the same men all the time, but a general pool of 2,000 surplus. Since the ban, the pool has largely vanished. "Unemployed" means drawing the guaranteed minimum of between £4 8s. and £2 8s. a week, according to grade. Many of the dockers would get more on the dole. There is a general malaise in the port, dissatisfaction with T. & G.W.U. leadership and low pay and fear of unemployment, which possibly plays a larger part in causing unrest than is generally appreciated.

It is easy to dismiss the overtime dispute as merely a sparking point that served as cover for a number of complaints. That is not quite true; certainly compulsory overtime is not the insignificant issue that has been suggested. Pay is not high—about £8 might be a rough average of what men take home, but this average covers a wide range of earnings, some very low. Apart from overtime, the dockers talk bitterly of three things—"the masters," the Labour Board and Mr. Deakin, in that order. The masters are the firms which employ the dock labour—private, profit-making companies. There is a vague idea abroad that because of the dock labour scheme, the docks are more or less "nationalised." So far as the dockers are concerned, their employers are private capitalists. They go to them for their jobs every day. If there's nothing available that they want, they go to the Labour Board, which tells them where there is a demand. They can't refuse a job they're sent to, and their share of the bargain is the guaranteed week. If they commit an offence, the Labour Board's tribunal, which is kept pretty busy, doles out punishment.

Personally, I think it's a bad mixture of the Corporate State and feudalism. If a man's not free to decide when and where he sells his labour, and if the State brings to bear its "sanctions" in support of private firms, then the best of capitalism—freedom of the labour market—has been lost. But the dockers know the worst of capitalism, and they are not anxious to see a return to pre-war conditions. One of the things the Board does for them, which they praise, is to prevent too many workers coming into the docks. And they are all acutely aware of the danger of unemployment and of a return to casual labour. If there was a world slump, the labour force would have to go down. Fear of this is in the air, and it has contributed to the present uneasiness.

As for Mr. Deakin, T. & G.W.U. members, as well as stevedores, were outspoken in criticism. "When was he ever in the docks? I've been here ten or twenty or thirty years and I've never so much as seen him." Again and again one hears this. Then there is talk of union branches that haven't met for months and allegations of jiggery-pokery in selecting and mandating delegates to the biennial conference. And there is the complaint that while the stevedores' officials come up for election every three years, the T. & G.W.U. officials are there to stay.

Some (not all) of these criticisms came, of course, from the *politicos*—the unofficial strike committee of T. & G.W.U. members who have headquarters in a West Ham club which looks rather like a Labour Party committee rooms during a General Election—posters and banners everywhere, chaos and at least a superficial appearance of disorganisation, a sense of the furniture people having arrived before the builders

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have finished, much bustle and activity and determination. The obvious question to them was: Why do you stay in the T. & G.W.U. if there's an alternative union which you prefer? "We're the militants," was the answer, "and we stay with the men as long as they stay in the Transport."

And the men? It's an explosive question to put. In the docks, the workers grow up in their unions, they follow their fathers into the union which grew from the old Dock, Wharf, Riverside and General Workers' Union, and they don't switch allegiances lightly. It would be pointless for an outsider to do more than report what is being said and done. The Stevedores' Union itself is not making boasts or prophecies. But the mood in their offices is not glum.

DAVID ROSS

# Europe's Green Pool

WITH the collapse of E.D.C., the European federalists have taken a knock; and those who have the cause of European unity at heart are naturally reconsidering their plans in the light of the London Conference. Even so, it is remarkable how little comment has been attracted by an important decision, recently taken by the Governments concerned and approved at last month's session of the Council of Europe, to create within the framework of O.E.E.C. a European organisation for agriculture. In agriculture, as in Defence and heavy industry, the federalists in West Europe have for some years been working for a supra-national high authority, with full executive powers. It is British reluctance to accept such an authority which has led to the non-federal solution now adopted.

The negotiations for some sort of a "Green Pool" began as far back as 1950, when the Executive Committee of O.E.E.C. proclaimed the need for an organised market for certain basic agricultural products. M. Mansholt, the Dutch Minister of Agriculture, outlined a plan which was limited to the marketing of dairy produce. This was followed by the far more radical proposals of M. Pflimlin, then French Agricultural Minister, whose proposals envisaged a comprehensive and closely organised European agricultural market. Ever since August, 1950, the Council of Europe has been considering a variety of possible solutions; and, apart from the Council's activities, the French Government has sponsored a series of international conferences in Paris. These culminated in a decisive meeting last July. Seventeen nations, including Britain, accompanied by representatives of O.E.E.C., the Council of Europe and the Food and Agriculture Organisation of U.N., took part. Finally, agreement was reached on the establishment of a Ministerial Committee for Agriculture and Food *under the authority of O.E.E.C.* The Committee, which will meet frequently, will consist of the responsible Ministers of each country. The spade-work will be done by a committee of deputies, aided by a strong secretariat. The functions of the new organisation will be:

1. To examine periodically the food and agricultural problems of member countries.
2. To agree on measures to be taken by Ministers, within the limits of their national competence.
3. To examine the effects on agriculture and food of questions and proposals of a general character under discussion by O.E.E.C.

Thus the old institutional argument for and against a supra-national authority is at an end. Intergovernmental co-operation, rather than federalism, has been accepted even in Strasbourg, where the full Consultative Assembly last month endorsed the decisions of the July conference in Paris.

That the British have been largely responsible for this swing against a federal solution is not denied. Throughout the discussions of the last four years Britain, under both Labour and Conservative Governments, has opposed the creation of a supra-national authority. The well-known British arguments against federal institutions as such, which have kept Britain aloof from both E.D.C. and the Coal and Steel Pool, have been strongly endorsed in this case by the National Farmers' Union. Prices, wages, and the living conditions of farmers and farm workers differ very greatly throughout even Western Europe; and the relatively high standards (both farm incomes and wages) in U.K. agriculture have inspired the British farmer with a very special caution about going into a pool with his counterpart on the Continent of Europe. British participation, however, in the talks has been by no means negative and the other Governments of West Europe are left with the clear impression that, now a British solution has been adopted, Britain will give the fullest co-operation to the new organisation.

Is this an over-optimistic view? Britain will certainly pay lip-service to the new organisation, but will it do more? The Paris decisions, for all their non-federal character, aim at the creation of a common market. This policy involves the wider issues of liberalisation which manufacturing industry had to face for the last half a dozen years. Home producers are naturally anxious to know whether the British Government is now pledged to the removal of trade restrictions on food and agricultural products by the progressive elimination of quantitative restrictions. Is policy towards the new organisation to be dominated by the Food Ministry or the Ministry of Agriculture? Can the price guarantees given under the 1947 Act be in any way prejudiced by Britain's membership of an organisation which aims at a common European market? Has Whitehall made a political gesture towards European unity at the expense of stability in British agriculture? These are the anxious questions which British agricultural producers are asking. Their fears may be unfounded; but in default of much fuller information from the Government, they are natural.

FREDERICK PEART

# Illuminations at Blackpool

AFTER high-tea (haddock, bread and butter, raspberry jam and cream buns) I left Ocean View and strolled along the Blackpool Front. Far away, the black finger of the Tower jabbed the sky, marking the frontier of the respectable, ornate, uncomfortable hotels, the Winter Gardens, the temporary kingdom of the Conservative Party during its three-day Conference. The Front was oddly deserted. Suddenly the town, as far as the eye could see, exploded with light, a glittering surfeit of brilliant cheap jewellery. Trams disguised as illuminated gondolas, lifeboats, creaked sedately by. From one of them, sparkling like a dowager's bosom, issued melody, the violins and clarinets of a Hollywood theme song. PROGRESS, this divine tram said: BLACKPOOL MARCHES ON TO PLEASURE AND HEALTH. I felt suddenly isolated, as though I had arrived by rocket on a breezy Disneyfied planet beyond the Milky Way.

The next day I called at the Winter Gardens, a palace of posters, slogans, marble and gilt corridors, halls for Baptist meetings, wedding receptions and Chamber of Commerce balls. Downstairs was the Tory conference room. PROGRESS said a banner —FREEDOM. Mr. Eden was rising from the platform, and the delegates were singing "For he's a jolly good fellow." The conflicts of Europe, the endless diplomatic wrangles, the dramatic planes to Paris, Brussels and Rome, resolved themselves into a public-school Old Boys' reunion. Mr. Eden neatly and easily slid into his role, deprecated, understated, juggled with the taboos, was not too serious. The scene changed to Civil Defence, debated with a frighteningly ponderous air of common sense, as though the delegates calmly accepted a world, now, of bustling radioactive members of the W.V.S. brewing tea in gloomy subterranean caves. Nearly every statement anybody made—about Agriculture, Horticulture, Pensions, World Trade, or the Cost of Living, was greeted with frantic applause. One had a feeling that none of these people would ever stop applauding again, that they would carry their applause into the most intimate aspects of their private lives, into bedroom, bathroom and water-closet. When a young delegate, with a surprisingly unconditioned face, walked to the microphone and attacked the conference for being smug and self-congratulatory, everyone applauded hysterically. When he pointed at Vicky, who was sitting in the front row of the Press seats, and accused him of being a "vicious little man," they applauded loudly. When he said Vicky was an admirable man, they applauded even harder. Yet I had a feeling that, somewhere in the intestines of the Party, people had an intense desire to disagree with something.

I walked out of the Winter Gardens and on to the Front. The sun was shining, and the donkeys on the sands tinkled their bells with tiny holiday abandon. I walked into a pub and ordered a Guinness. "How's the Conference?" asked a barman. Obviously I had acquired a Conference face, a Progress face, a face of Applause. "Ah, well," I said, "I've really come to see Blackpool." "I'll introduce you to Blackpool," said the barman. "Come and meet William." He waved over a large spectacled man with a bulbous, philosophical nose. It was a nose that would never despise whisky or laughter. He was seventy years old, but he had a schoolboy, squib-throwing eye, meeting mine with mock dignity and submission. Over a glass of whisky he offered me a cigar and it changed into a pocket-knife. "As a matter of fact," he said, "that cigar is an exact replica of the one given me by Winston Churchill on a battleship in the Tyneside. I was taken over to it to do a ventriloquist's act." "You're a ventriloquist?" I asked. "I'm anything," he said, "but ventriloquism runs in the family. I had a pitch out there on the sands for forty years. My grand-daughter is one of the finest ventriloquists north of Manchester, and she's just turned nine. Come and see my studio." "Studio?" I said. "Yes. I'm an assistant Promenade photographer now. Thirsty work."

We walked down the Front and into a shop where Lancashire groups on the spree were having their pictures taken in paper hats and false moustaches. They sat in a mock lifeboat in front of a back-drop representing a storm near Blackpool Tower. "The other back-drop," said William, "is a Baronial Hall. It's beautiful, but it's not so popular. Values have changed. In my young days they used to fight to get the Baronial Hall. It's very thirsty in here, isn't it?"

We returned to the pub and met another photographer. He was a young man, a freelance, whom William referred to as his pupil. "I do most of my work on the sands," he said. "It's strictly illegal, of course, but there's no competition. Then I keep in with the landladies:

# Oil is our way of life

The Rev. Sydney Smith confessed that his idea of heaven was eating *pâté de foie gras* to the sound of trumpets. You yourself may be a vegetarian, and not like music with your meals. You will have your own conception of a pinnacle of happiness, a flashpoint of Better Living.

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Petroleum in its crude form, dredged from the desert, marsh and jungle, is an unfriendly looking substance, dark, often sticky, sometimes smelly. But the products of its refinement oil the wheels of life: cleanly, smoothly and increasingly.

SHELL **research points the way**

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William's a great help there, they can't resist him. The old girls do a bit of touting and arranging groups, and I work two or three pubs and an odd wedding." He fingered a small scar on his cheek. "I got that in Scots week," he said, "trying to get my money from a Glasgow gang."

In the evening I went to a cocktail party at the Imperial Hotel given by Lord Woolton. It was held in a huge cold banqueting hall with a three-piece band playing refined tea-time dance music from a garlanded platform. Wisps of Blackpool mist coiled in the air, and the Press huddled grimly around the bar. You could still hear a certain amount of applause. I met a tall American journalist with precise Conservative sympathies who said: "I have also been to the Scarborough Conference. What has struck me most is that the Conservative delegates are tall, fair and self-assured, while the Labour delegates are short, dark and introspective. The Conservative delegates are united. The Labour delegates are disunited." "Which Conference do you prefer?" "Scarborough, I fear," he replied.

The Conference, next day, was devoted to the Cost of Living, Education, Industrial Relations. Here was another planet, and I sat near the Press table, like a cricket in a fog. Economic and social problems are like plumbing or diseases: they should be handled by competent plumbers or doctors who don't give way to emotion or talk platitudes. But here was emotion mixed with technical jargon, a recipe which seems inseparable from politics. It was difficult to know why many speakers had chosen one side of the party fence to the other; there were so many plain men, no-nonsense men, working men, blunt men and ordinary men. "We appeal to the ordinary decent man-in-the-street." I found this form of Tory disguise—politically profitable, I daresay—distasteful and incongruous. Conservatives shouldn't stand for ordinariness, they should stand for the ineffable—even when they grind the faces of the poor—and it was a relief to come to the polished and witty performance of Mr. Macmillan, that superb gentleman actor-manager of the Wyndham school.

It was now Saturday, and the Blackpool Front bulged with crowds, cramming themselves into the tram-gondolas, crowned with policeman helmets, and carrying enormous wands of pink rock. The air rocketed with noise. It was impossible to find a corner of silence. I was jammed into whelk stalls, hoop-las, and hamburger counters. "Come in and have your photograph taken," shouted Harry; "I've pulled down the Baronial Hall backdrop." "I can't," I shouted, "Churchill's speaking." "Remember the cigar," Harry shouted back, pulling a fat lady into the studio and cramming a hat with an enormous feather on her head. I arrived at the Conference room just in time, and crept around the crowds towards the platform. I found no sun shining in triumph, but a quiet, tired man, thinking aloud. Not the Leader's speech to get a Tory audience on its feet. Yet, when he had spoken, he was cheered, adulated: the Conference hall became a cathedral, the Blackpool mist incense. Again he rose, glowing, human and embarrassed—too paradoxical to be submerged in flattery, too awkward to fit a shrine.

I stumbled out into Blackpool again, swallowed up in a sea of shouting people, tripped by rock, narrowly missed by gondolas, on by inches to Ocean View. Opening the door of my room, I saw five fat women sprawling on the beds in their underclothes, drinking port. "For he's a jolly good fellow," they sang. "I'm sorry," said the proprietor. "I've just let your room. I'll give you a single right away."

ANTHONY CARSON

# Recent Excavations in Britain

*[We have obtained through Mr. Mervyn Jones the following transcript of a portion of a lecture delivered to the International Archaeological Foundation by Dr. Hiram S. Zadek, whose appointment in July, 3954, to the Peoria Institute, was a tribute to his pioneering work on British sites.]*

BRITONOLOGISTS have always assumed that the tombs so far unearthed in the great burying-ground of the ancient kings constitute a mere fraction of discoveries which still await the investigator. In the past century or so, almost a dozen sites have been profitably explored in the Thames Valley, and eager anticipation attends the opening of each dry season, when digging can begin. There is, too, the ever-present, if still unrealised, hope of finding a tomb in which the actual sarcophagi of the king and his consort have escaped the depredations of robbers.

Earlier excavations, it will be recalled, had already indicated the contiguous location of many of the tombs—for instance, the three tombs of the Park dynasty (Green, Hyde, and St. James). Then there is the largest and most magnificent of all the tombs, that of Piccadilly, with its vast hall and two levels of stairways. Closely proximate are the tombs of the Square dynasty, Leicester and Trafalgar. In Trafalgar's tomb only two platforms have been discovered, and he is therefore assumed to have been monogamous; Leicester, however, seems to have had three wives of equal status, like Piccadilly. Some distance to the South, there is the surprisingly small and shallow tomb of Westminster, who is nevertheless frequently and reverently mentioned in the fragments which survive of literature of the period. Lastly, to the East, there is the curious little tomb of Aldwych, the only bachelor king, if we judge by the single platform. That, except for two isolated tombs of no great interest—Hammersmith's to the West and Farringdon's to the East—completes the tally of sites so far excavated North of the river.

The search for further discovery has been guided by extending the known area. Most expeditions have followed the ancient river-course, but in neither direction has this led to results. Then the Park dynasty's burying-ground was intensively surveyed, but the only reward was the recognition that it provided only three rulers. In recent years, new hopes were raised by the project of digging South of the river. This led to the discovery of the important tomb of Waterloo, but further research in this area has shown no useful results.

The one direction which had never been tried, and on which the expedition I led this year concentrated, was Northward. The personality of Piccadilly had always been especially vivid in my imagination, and I refused to believe that he passed from history without founding a dynasty. Renowned, according to legend, as a military leader, Piccadilly is known to have overthrown the Squares, and rests close to their burying-ground. Perhaps a generous sentiment led him to seek the neighbourhood of Leicester Square, his great adversary, whose tomb is almost as splendid as his own. But his successors would scarcely rest content in the shadow of the vanquished dynasty. And if they wished to break new ground but to retain a link with their great progenitor, where could their tombs be placed but to the North?

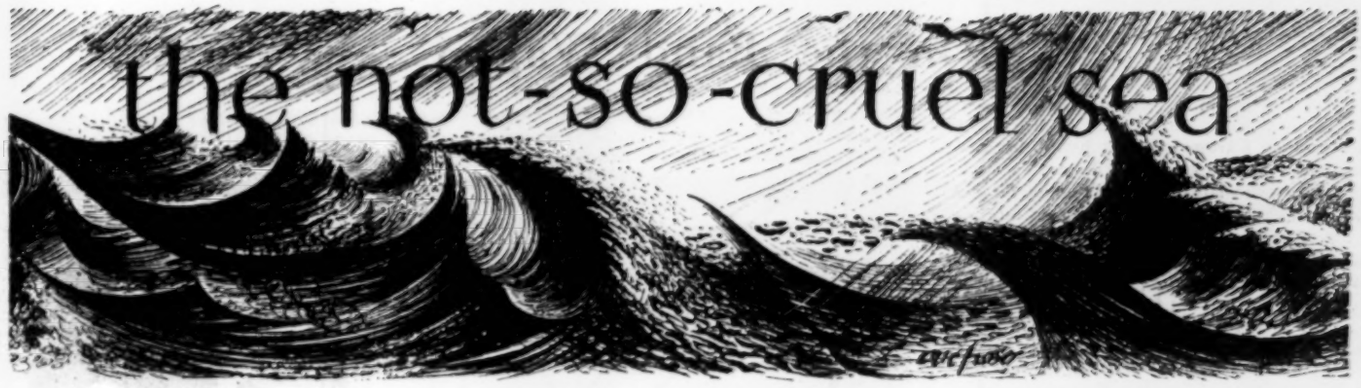
Now, although Piccadilly is described in most of the extant inscriptions by that name alone, a few inscriptions speak of Piccadilly Circus. If these were of a later date, Circus must have been a dynastic name, either assumed by Piccadilly late in life or attributed to him by his sons or grandsons. (There is no other case of a great king without a dynastic suffix, except Westminster and Waterloo.) In short, my aim was to trace a Circus dynasty. I spent January winter in active surface work to the North of Piccadilly's tomb; and by early Spring I had achieved my first objective. Under a deposit of alluvial mud, I found a rock marked with the sacred symbol (a horizontal line passing through a circle) which always marks the entrance to a royal tomb of this period.

Despite the inclement weather, digging began. The hall turned out to be disappointingly small, but it had all the classic features. There were the deep caves in which the defunct ruler's wealth was stored away; there were the tall cages where the dead bodies of the palace guards were placed, to watch to eternity the access to the stairways; and there were (as in Piccadilly's tomb) not one but two rows of the narrow boxes in which the royal concubines were left to die a lingering death. The first fresh discovery came when my workers had hacked their way to the steps. The arrangement here was identical, surprisingly, with that in Leicester Square's tomb. Instead of the staircases being side by side, as in most tombs, they were divided into two distinct systems, connected by corridors of unparalleled length and complexity—possibly intended to mislead evil spirits and prevent them from finding the king's platform. But, for me, on this occasion, the quest—unrewarded, I may say—of the sarcophagus was of secondary interest; the name was the great query. And the expedition's labours were fruitful: after carefully scouring the first great plaque, I discovered the name of Oxford Circus.

The name Oxford is not unknown, though scholars have hitherto been puzzled to find a connection between the various references. It was the name of a noble clerk—the eponymous founder, it appears, of a mystical cult of weapon-makers; and it was also the ritual title of a sacrificial victim who, each Spring, was slaughtered beside or even in the river by a priest called Cambridge. (In some accounts the roles are reversed, but this probably alludes to an exceptional saturnalia.) Can there now be any doubt that the link between these nomenclatures is to be found in the royal personality of Oxford Circus?

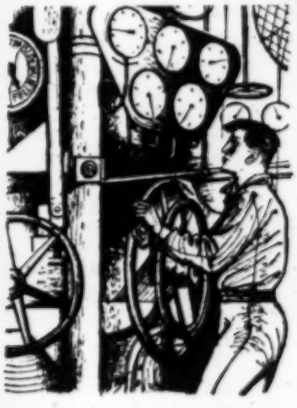
The dignity of this tomb leaves no doubt of his importance. Each of the four platforms—he must have had three wives—is approached by a wide stone staircase. It was at first doubtful which platform had been devoted to the king himself; but one pair of platforms was connected by an unusual number of arches. This I believe to have housed the remains of the king and his principal wife, to whom he must have been bound by special affection. Her platform was divided, three-quarters of the way along, by an overhanging structure. While this was used to carry one of the corridors, I incline to think that its main purpose was to demarcate a smaller chamber, occupied by the sarcophagus of a child who had predeceased his (or her) parents.

Noticing this, I felt myself in the very presence of Oxford Circus—not only a monarch worthy to wear the crown of Piccadilly, a patron of learning, and a religious innovator, but also a kindly husband and father. The great gain to scholarship, however, was the discovery that this was indeed the tomb of a Circus. I confidently believe that exploration of the tract North of the already charted burying-ground will lead to the excavation of a whole group of tombs belonging to what may well have been the greatest of the British dynasties.




IN spite of rough passages—indeed largely because of the storms it has weathered—the Rank group is now in many ways in a stronger position than ever before. Those whose work is the production, distribution and exhibition of films have reason to feel a new confidence. What has made this great recovery possible? The most important single factor lies in the very composition of the Group: its overall ability to handle so many aspects of the film business.

**BELOW DECKS** Within the Group, for example, are Denham Laboratories with exceptional facilities for film-processing; and British Optical and Precision Engineers, who supply the means not only to make films (from lenses to lighting) but also to show them (from cinema screens to cinema seats).



A further group of companies takes care of exhibition (in Odeon and Gaumont theatres) and of distribution. Overseas partnerships and interests thrive—in spite of competition from Hollywood.

This root-and-branch system—combined with careful planning, strict economies *and first-class films*—has transformed the difficulties of five years ago into substantial achievements. Today, for example, 50% of the earnings of the Group's films come from overseas.

**RECORD BREAKER**

*Consider a film like Ealing's* THE CRUEL SEA. *At the State Theatre, Sydney, it created an all-time record with net takings of £14,023 in one week. More records were broken in Canada and in New Zealand. In Johannesburg it was described as doing 'fantastic' business. In the United States it was chosen as one of the ten best films of the year. This success story is only one example of what this Group's resources can achieve.*

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*The New Statesman and Nation*, October 16, 1954

# On the Band Wagon

THE *Sunday Chronicle* called him "the cultivated man's answer to Frank Sinatra." Under the heading "Pin-Up Boys," the *Sunday Graphic* wrote that "'this Latin from Lincolnshire has what it takes to slay the bobby-soxers." Harold Malcolm Watts Sargent doubtless does not mind. The man who permits the popular press to interview him in his own flat knows that there will be references to his "signed pictures of the Queen and the Duke, the Gloucesters and the Mountbattens ('Sincerely, Dickie and Edwina')." This type of publicity adds to his pull at the box-office and leaves his technical efficiency as a conductor undiminished.

Conductors are notoriously the prima donnas of our time. Toscanini's temper, Beecham's repartee, Barbirolli's addiction to cricket and cookery each add to their possessor's "personality" as it reaches the public; and Sargent, with a similarly characteristic "personality," fulfils admirably the twentieth-century conception of a conductor. But the fact that he began as an organist links him, uncharacteristically, with the nineteenth century, when the organ-loft was the accepted nursery for British leaders of musical life—leaders who, however, never achieved an eminence in conducting sufficient to wrest the leading positions from foreign-born conductors like Costa, Hallé, Manns and Richter.

Sargent, born at Stamford, found scope close at hand. He was "apprenticed" to the organist of Peterborough Cathedral, and in due course acquired his own church post at Melton Mowbray. He became a Bachelor, then a Doctor, of Music. Had he been offered a cathedral organist's post at the right time, he would in all probability (as he said later) have made his career there. He was enterprising enough to make himself a piano pupil of Moiseiwitsch, and as church organist he naturally took on the conductorship of various local music societies. What brought him to London was his composition, *An Impression of a Windy Day*, which he successfully submitted to the Promenade Concerts. It was a bright, competent, unremarkable piece. Sargent himself conducted it, well enough for Henry Wood to advise him to take up a conductor's career. That was in 1921. Engagements shortly followed from choral societies, the D'Oyly Carte company, the now defunct British National Opera Company, and other bodies. Sargent was on the band wagon, and not even a prolonged illness in 1932-33 has ever dislodged him.

A slim figure, a dark handsomeness, a ready smile, an incisive grace of movement—these things could not fail to contribute to an able young conductor's success. The Robert Mayer children's concerts, which Sargent conducted from shortly after their beginning in 1923, also disclosed an ability to talk publicly on music. It was an ability worth much in the era when "musical appreciation" was coming into its own in the educational field. Musicians might argue about his methods: laymen, fascinated, received the impact of Sargent's personality. Never did the impact have greater force than in his participation in the B.B.C.'s war-time Brains Trust. Which was the greater wonder—that a musician could contribute so much to a non-musical discussion, or that he could answer with such convincing plain-spokenness the musical questions specially fed to him?

Sargent has a talent for making public gestures of an unusual, but not outrageous, kind. He will robustly denounce the microphone (as conducive to bad singing) at an engineers' dinner. He will conduct a massed band concert—but not jazz. He returned to the D'Oyly Carte company for a performance or two in their Festival of Britain season. He will enter into newspaper controversy with a critic who cries down the significance of the Proms or the importance of conductors. The public impression is of a man with his own lively mind and no highbrow pretentiousness about it. And the public impression is the correct one. There are not two Sargents. Unlike Beecham's, Sargent's gestures in conducting in public are not full or mere visual "effects"—jettisoned if the performance takes place in a B.B.C. studio without an audience. His private conversation—lively, often humorous, many-sided—would surprise none of those who admired him on the Brains Trust. His public appearances are adoitly stage-managed: when he appears at the Proms as one of the piano

duettists in Brahms's *Love-Song Waltzes*, two pianos are used (so much smarter than one piano with two people playing on it simultaneously, as Brahms intended). But his musical activities correspond to his real beliefs. He could never, like Stokowski, have set out from England speaking English like an Englishman and landed in America with a rich Central European accent.

His personality makes a particular appeal to the amateurs who form Britain's large choirs. He has long conducted both the Royal Choral Society in London and the Huddersfield Choral Society; and the peculiar kind of exhortation such performers require is something he has made his own. Vaughan Williams's words in his recent book are apposite: "A good orchestra will play well if the conductor will let them, and they play no better because he makes funny faces at them. (It is different with a chorus, they fail to come in altogether if they don't get the right grimace.)" Members of the Royal Choral Society know how, when they fear they have not rehearsed enough (and they are quite right), Sargent will somehow still make a performance go like fire. Sargent has the devotion of choralists, the worship of mass audiences, and something much less from orchestras. He is the man who pulls them through. He is thoroughly capable, as the conductor of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra has to be, of managing efficiently and with the minimum of rehearsal everything from a Bach Brandenburg Concerto to the abstruse atonalism of one of Schnabel's orchestral works. His ability to convey his meaning by gestures—the quality in a conductor which musicians call "stick technique"—is exceptionally good. But the relation with his players remains cold. British orchestral musicians thrill to Beecham, admire the intensity of Barbirolli, and praise Boult as a good chap: but Sargent is simply someone to play under. His well-tailored appearance, his public smile as inevitable as his red or white carnation, has given him his nickname among these musicians. It is "Flash Harry" or "Flash."

He has a passion for work. It is estimated that he travels on the average 75,000 miles yearly, and guessed that he earns £25,000 in fees. The frequency with which he performs is probably not entirely to his advantage. It is arguable that some of his recent performances at the Proms—particularly of Beethoven and Sibelius—would have had lengthy and detailed praise from the critics if they had been given by Beecham or by some overseas conductor wise enough to ration his appearances. Conversely, however, Sargent himself travels much overseas and collects the visitor's honours A few weeks ago he flew to conduct in Japan. He loves to be called Britain's musical ambassador. It is not usually pointed out that the countries from which his main successes have been reported are those in which musical competition is not the keenest. He did not conduct in the United States until 1945, and has never acquired the status there of a Beecham or a Myra Hess. He had never performed in Germany until his visit with the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra this year.

In his career he has, of course, had to conduct many new works, but he has identified himself neither with new music in general nor with any individual new composers. Nor has he, by some revival of a neglected work or a new way of looking at a familiar one, changed the public conception of the general repertory. He does not lead taste as the great conductors have done; he reflects it. His influence is therefore entirely conservative. His choral activities maintain a similar conservatism. He will advertise a performance of Handel's *Messiah* "with 1,000 voices" (and, of course, with nineteenth-century orchestration)—as though the round number fulfilled some artistic criterion, and as though other conductors had not educated their audiences to enjoy Bach and Handel performed in something like the manner the composers intended. He keeps the Royal Choral Society to an inflated size and to a stale routine dominated by several performances yearly of *Messiah* and of "Carols"—the latter term conveniently interpreted to take in Sargent's own arrangements of various songs with only the vaguest relevance to Christmas.

Dubious as are most of Sargent's ideas as musical editor and arranger, two of them may, ironically, give him longer immortality than any memories of his conducting. By arranging for orchestra the accompaniment to Brahms's *Four Biblical Songs*—in a very skilful and tasteful simulation of Brahms's own orchestral style—he has made a valuable addition to the meagre repertory of works for solo voice and orchestra. He has performed an equal service in restoring, in place of the popularly known and corrupt version of Arne's *Rule, Britannia!*, the original and incomparably better tune.

He is still young-looking. There were some surprised comments from the audience when the work with which he made his first entry into the Proms was revived for the recent "Diamond Jubilee" season, and the programme revealed his date of birth as 1895. But a youthful appearance and a senior standing contribute well to that combination of the romantic and the authoritative which the public seeks in conductors. His position was rounded off in 1947 by the knighthood which he received at the same investiture as Laurence Olivier—one of the other two men whom the *Sunday Graphic* honoured as "pin-up boys." At 59, he is due to stay on the band wagon for a long time yet; and he will doubtless continue to maintain his immense industriousness and to keep his hand on the public pulse. It is probably not true, however, that he is contemplating a presentation of *Messiah* on ice.

# The Arts and Entertainment

## THE TURN OF THE SCREW

Who could have guessed that Henry James's ambiguous story of two children haunted and corrupted by the spirits of two wicked servants could be made to yield an opera—an opera unlike all other operas, yet within its strange terms of reference nothing less than masterly? This miracle Benjamin Britten and his fine-fingered librettist, Myfanwy Piper, have together performed. *The Turn of the Screw*, first produced by the English Opera Group last month in Venice and now being repeated with very great success by the same company at Sadler's Wells, can never take its place in any standard repertory: so much follows inevitably from the nature of the subject and the attendant difficulties of casting. But practical disadvantages, however regrettable, must not obscure the aesthetic issue—the unquestionable truth, as it seems to me, that down to the last quaver, the last barely audible whisper from bass flute, the little opera is a consummate work of art: a work of art quite in the high sense of James himself, who wrote about his story: "The thing was to aim at absolute singleness, clearness and roundness . . . the 'roundness' in which beauty and lucidity largely reside." Those words (which I have conflated from two separate sentences in James's preface) might well have been written to describe what composer and librettist—contrary to all expectation—have here achieved.

It is true that everything we know of Britten's talent—his skill in the creation of atmosphere, his intense sympathy with childhood, all his fine lightness and grace and rapidity of touch—marked him out as the only conceivable composer for such a task; but without a good libretto he would still have been helpless. The great virtue of Mrs. Piper's contribution is that she has managed to do almost equal justice to the genius of Henry James and to that of the composer: her sixteen short scenes (eight to each act) combine without apparent effort a scrupulously exact unfolding of the Jamesian narrative and atmosphere with a pattern that has proved intensely stimulating to the composer's purely musical instinct. In consequence, the score, ingeniously illustrative though it is at every turn, stands on its own feet every bit as firmly as a symphony or a set of variations. The brief orchestral interludes by which we are led from scene to scene and prepared for the impact (idyllic or gay or sinister) of each successive episode are, in fact, a series of variations on a single theme; this theme consists of a series of alternate rising fourths and falling minor thirds, extended and modulating in such a way as to pass through all twelve notes of the chromatic scale. Like some of Berg's themes, Britten's material has thus, so to speak, a foot in both camps; but where Berg allows traditional tonality to hover like a mirage over his basically twelve-note idiom, Britten, approaching from the other hemisphere, merely causes the suggestion of a twelve-note series to "compromise" his normally lucid tonality; and it can easily be imagined how well this treatment suits the subject, so charming and ordinary on the surface, so tortuous and equivocal underneath. I apologise to the reader who may be puzzled by this technical description, and assure him that the music makes its effect in the theatre with the utmost


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clarity and immediacy by virtue of its melodic freshness, its endlessly fascinating variety of rhythm and texture, and a remarkable homogeneity of style which will become more apparent with every hearing. I doubt if any other opera of Britten's, even *Peter Grimes*, unfolds a musical argument so close, compelling and symmetrical as this. None, to my ear, is so drenched in the deep, pure flood of musical invention.

If this is true, the reason lies partly in a subject which has possessed the composer's imagination as nothing has since *Grimes*, and partly in the finely sensitive libretto. I come back to Mrs. Piper's share in the work because a great deal—far too much, I think—is being made of her single failure. An obvious flaw does arise in her treatment of the two *revenants*, Peter Quint and Miss Jessel. In James they are silent, ineffably horrible: "make the reader *think* the evil, and you are released from weak specifications." In opera it was inevitable that they should speak (that is, sing); but with every word they utter, with every step they take towards the footlights, their power is diminished—and of this the authors do not seem to have been sufficiently aware. These objections would largely vanish if the producer were more careful to keep the ghosts far back on the stage and dimly lit (except for the one chilling moment when the living governess finds Miss Jessel seated at her desk)—and if Peter Pears, the Quint, could be provided with a more plausible red wig. But two stumbling blocks would still remain: the last scene of Act I and the first of Act II. In the former, the voice of Quint is first heard, with admirably uncanny effect, in long quasi-oriental *vocalises* on the word "Miles!"; but thereafter neither librettist nor composer has solved the problem that James was so careful to avoid. Quint's stanzas ("I am the riderless horse . . . the hero-highwayman," etc.), faintly reminiscent of Midir's "Luring Song" in *The Immortal Hour*, are quite too harmless for a devil whose utterances (if he *must* utter) ought almost to scare the Lord Chamberlain. And the music at this point cannot supply (what music could?) the evil element missing in the words. The opening scene of Act II, a dialogue inspired by the "Colloque sentimental" of Verlaine, in which the ghosts talk of their past relationship and present intentions, is in itself more effective, but dramatically redundant: we know it all, or can guess it, from what Mrs. Grose, the housekeeper, has already told us.

From this single flaw, which could quite easily be removed, it is a pleasure to turn to the extraordinary virtues of a text which has inspired the composer to scene after scene of radiantly beautiful music. Some of his happiest inventions arise from the seemingly innocent games of the children, their schoolroom rhymes and affectionate teasing of their elders. Wonderful art is shown in such things as the setting of "Tom, Tom, the piper's son," with its galumphing hobby-horse accompaniment, the tune rising, along with the high spirits of the children, first from A to B, then—with a huge jump—to E. Right into the middle of one of these schoolroom scenes—and this is the finest of all the librettist's strokes, a *trouvaille* of genius—Miles suddenly drops the mnemonic quatrain which plays on several different senses of the Latin *malo*: "*Malo*, I would rather be; *malo*, in an apple tree; *malo*, than a naughty boy; *malo*, in adversity." The slow, drooping, infinitely sad little tune to which Britten has set these lines forms the still centre of the whole musical design; constantly alluded to by the orchestra, it becomes at last the boy's epitaph.

By such means, and by the dramatically and musically brilliant episode of Miles's piano-playing, the children are kept well in the forefront of the action without having too much to sing. The main vocal burden of the opera falls on the Governess's shoulders. To her is given the most immediately taking "number" in the score, the vesperal aria in Act I, with its ravishing orchestral prelude, in which she meditates on the beauty of Bly, and the dramatic letter scene of Act II, in which she first writes her letter to a fiercely agitated orchestral accompaniment, then reads it over to a calmer version of the same musical idea. It is hardly too much to say that, in this setting of a prose text, there is no recitative: only free melody and arioso. There are many telling ensembles, although it is true that the presence in the cast of four sopranos and one treble make it at times difficult to distinguish the several vocal strands. The scoring contrives to wring fresh miracles of sound from the now familiar chamber orchestra: it is notably free from all "spikiness" except where such a quality is positively wanted.

The performance, from singers and players alike, was just about perfect. The composer conducted a cast which included Peter Pears and Arda Mandikian as the ghosts, Jennifer Vyvyan as the Governess, Joan Cross as Mrs. Grose, Olive Dyer and Master David Hemmings as the children (alas, how difficult it will be to replace either of them!). John Piper's decor was beautifully in key; so, in general, was Basil Coleman's production. The memorable occasion has left me no space to discuss the remaining events of an all too brief season, notable especially for the London première of Lennox Berkeley's delightful *A Dinner Engagement*, to which I now feel that I must have been unfair on its first and much less enjoyable production at Aldeburgh.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

## CÉZANNE AT THE TATE

IT would be hard to devise a more moving or more instructive exhibition of pictures by a nineteenth-century master than that devoted to Cézanne at the Tate. The whole of his life seems to be laid bare for our contemplation, his body to be stretched on the rack. Our admiration must go out to Professor Gowing for the restraint he has shown in his selection. One has the impression that every picture has had to pass a gruelling viva before being allowed in, that nothing but the best on every level from charm (No. 28) to the most profound comments on human nature (No. 57), was good enough, that every twist and turn throughout a long career must be allowed its say, but that no one excursion must be so fully represented as to throw any other out of focus. Like Cézanne's own pictures, the exhibition was planned with slow thought and love, with that conjunction of scholarship and enthusiasm that alone makes for success.

Good planning cannot account for the crowds it has drawn and is still drawing. Cézanne takes the credit for that. The crowds are the proof, not only of the sublimity, but of the complexity, of his art. For there is not just one Cézanne but innumerable facets of him, which glint as they catch the light—facets which cancel each other out, so that one can never say of any single one of them: "that is the true Cézanne, here is the summing-up of his experience, here he reaches the vision at which he has long been aiming"; for he will go and deny it in the next picture as he struggles on to a new conquest. This means that everyone is bound to find his own experience mirrored somewhere or other, at some stage or another of Cézanne's career. In the case of an artist of comparable powers but one who more persistently limits himself, like Claude shall we say, it often happens that only those who for complicated psychological reasons are attuned to that particular habit of vision, will respond to him without intellectual effort. But in the presence of Cézanne who is prepared to range over the whole of life, we must all, whatever our tastes, be arrested somewhere by a vision of things which stirs us. For the same reason, as well as to people of different tastes, Cézanne appeals to different generations. One generation may respond to his powers of organising blocks in space, the next to his humanity, a third to some other quality. This does not mean that one age has the key to him which the next mislays. It means that he combines all these qualities and that each age chooses the one it needs, remaining blind to others or dismissing them as irrelevant or obvious.

Our own age, needless to say, responds to, clutches on to, his humanity, because we believe, rightly or wrongly, human values to be threatened with extinction. The more we think ourselves in danger of abandoning such values, the more precious they become and the more frantically will we search for their affirmation in the art we admire. Fry perceived the architecture of Cézanne's landscapes (as though hills were built by Lutyens), the rotundity of his apples, the slant off the vertical of his bottles and table-legs, the echo of a nose in the pattern on some wallpaper behind it. We on the other hand respond to his deep familiarity with the Provençal countryside, his consciousness of its interminable past and future, his solitary communion with ageless stones and trees—and we seek to explain the transformations he made of landscape (to fit a flat rectangle) as the necessary outcome of this attitude of self-identification, rather than as the outcome of some wilful, semi-intellectual process. We can understand, as Fry could never have understood, that Cézanne stands in the same relation to the neighbourhood of Aix as Courbet to the valley of the Doubs or Picasso to the bull-ring. His apples, it seems to us, are not circles so much as "human fruit," just as they were to Chardin. And his portraits, especially the marvellous late gardeners and card-players, we now regard as *human* documents, without rivals since Rembrandt's portraits of the 1650s.

This new conception of Cézanne has brought about a slight shift in emphasis, away from the classical landscapes of the Seventies and Eighties, towards the late portraits and landscapes, and towards the first works of all; or perhaps it would be fairer to say that we now find it easier—indeed, quite natural—to recognize his riotous youth and lyrical old age as facets of the same personality as is revealed in those middle years of austere retrenchment. Cézanne's barometer was never set fair. It is precisely the storm that has passed over and that shall rage again, which lends intensity to the precarious "fine weather" of the classical phase. I do not propose to say more about the late storms: they are so much of our time that they require no explanation. But I believe that his youth is still misunderstood, and that a brief comment on it may be helpful to visitors to the Tate embarking on the intricate journey of his life's work.

It is sometimes maintained that in early youth Cézanne was a Baroque artist who triumphantly succeeded, under the patriarchal guidance of Pissarro, in damming up his too exuberant impulses, and in attaining serenity in Impressionism. "The dream," writes Professor Gowing in a difficult introduction to the catalogue, "the black Baroque of love and death, turns to a close and unremitting meditation on the real world." However, when we examine the early works, we find that they are not Baroque at all, but Mannerist in inspiration, like the work of Picasso around 1903. *L'Enlèvement* (No. 4) is reminiscent of Tintoretto's *Burial of St. Mark* rather than of Rubens. And the copy of the *Barque de Dante* (No. 1), in spite of the Baroque inspiration of Delacroix's own picture, is interpreted in a Mannerist spirit: the figure in the right background might have come out of Rosso. It is only necessary to search through the first pages of Venturi's plates, or to study the early Cézannes in the exhibition held at the Orangerie this summer, to find many similar examples.

By saying this I am not doing very much more than scoring a trivial academic point. For in fact the majority of sensible writers, among them Professor Gowing, whilst wrongly supposing that Cézanne started off as a Baroque artist, have nevertheless recognised that, far from exhibiting the usual Baroque characteristics of exuberance and self-confidence, the early pictures are in fact composed of precisely those awkward, self-assertive, disquieting, oppressive elements (corresponding to no real experience outside the painter's own head) which we are in the habit

of associating with the name of Mannerism. They are, that is to say, the very opposite of exuberant, and betray an utterly false confidence. It is only later, when Cézanne has come to terms with life, when he has released (a better word than "dammed up") his vision, when he has filled in the gap between fantasy and reality, as in certain *Bathers* of the Seventies, or in such confident masterpieces as *Le Grand Pin* (No. 45), that the term "Baroque" can be truly said to apply to him. What is more, the self-portraits can be usefully interpreted in this light.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

## LOOK AND LISTEN

FOR me this has been one of those periods of anxiety-stricken knob-twiddling. I set out in search of etheric by-ways, something other than plays or Parlour Games (the present nadir of these is *What Do You Know?* on the Light) and had, as usual, a good deal of disappointment. One or two interesting curiosities, of course, there always are. There was a tiny but intriguing talk, part of *At Home And Abroad*, on the economic consequences, which are fascinating and paradoxical, of increasing the travel allowance, given by a Mr. Searle, a travel agent, who unfortunately had not been taught how to read aloud. And there was Michael Robbins, a sort of anti-Betjeman, trying to make the best of the gasworks, the power-house, the oil-refinery and other industrial features of the landscape which have come to stay, becoming positively lyrical about the Naked Flame at Fawley, and defending, very rationally it seemed to me, the suburb. (I am sure, however, that he was wrong about one thing: there *was*, there *must* have been something diseased in the souls of Victorian and Edwardian architects.) Also you may be interested to learn that *Home For The Day*, which is the Sunday equivalent of Woman's Hour, brutally early at 9.10, has procured a woman psychiatrist with a delicious voice, one of those chocolatey yet brisk contraltos. I formed a strong transference to her as I listened to her admirably sound sympathetic advice on the problem of jealousy among young children.

On the Third a minor and mildly esoteric item was twenty minutes of Portuguese Fados, those peculiarly haunting, melancholy yet exciting folk songs which can be conveniently if very inaccurately described as the Portuguese equivalent to so-called flamenco. They express that wistful Lusitanian resignation which is one of the national characteristics—also, sometimes, when you find a contemporary one, some of the economic consequences of Dr. Salazar. The accompaniments feature miracles of virtuosity by Portuguese guitarists. Old Lisbon hands, myself on the strength of a fortnight's visit among them, have been boring people blue with their ravings over Fados for years; yet it has taken all this time to get them on the air. More phantom sabotage, no doubt.

Literature was being worthily represented, but I only came in for the tail end of the various Fielding celebrations. There was a repeat of Michael Swan's interesting programme based on the *Henry James-H. G. Wells* correspondence. The second instalment of the *Inferno*, which includes a good deal of rather complicated Hellish topography, was swinging along very satisfactorily to a slightly quickened tempo; additions to the cast included John Chandos as Ciacco, Alun Owen as A Fallen Angel, Edgar Norfolk as Cavalcanti.

The best in the Drama Department was another repeat: last February's star broadcast of Chekhov's *Ivanov* with John Gielgud in the name part. In Saturday Night Theatre those phantom saboteurs had got their fingers on the opening, set in England, of *Bamboo House*, an adaptation of a novel about two men with good reason to hate each other at home, having a very rough time in the Burma jungle during the war; but they relaxed their grip when the action started and permitted quite a strong finish.

Sunday night's television play, Daphne du Maurier's *Rebecca*, came after a very long half-hour of indifferent ballet. It proved to be quite stunning, in that special multi-dimensional way which pertains only to a corny, yet intrinsically dramatic entertainment none too well acted on TV. The book has always been a favourite lunatic obsession of mine, and I have had many happy little private jokes about staying at Manderley, so I was in ecstasy. William Squire as Maxim de Winter, did his best to be manfully serene, like any member of White's who has shot his nymphomaniacal wife, despite a most uncounty, almost Teddyboyish coif. Ian Colin as his agent hogged the screen first with a coat like a horse blanket, then with a buttonhole as big as a cabbage. All the men, incidentally, were abominably badly dressed. Jeanette Sterke, as the young wife, was so mousey you expected her to dive down the wainscot. Sonia Dresdel acted up like mad as Mrs. Danvers, the infinitely sinister housekeeper, but dressed for the Place Vendôme and looking disconcertingly like the Duchess of Windsor. There were solid minor performances by Wilfred Brambell as an idiot and Sydney Bromley as a boat builder; and, towards the end, one of those slight breaks in continuity which still delight viewers.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

## THE MOVIES

**"Modern Times," at the London Pavilion**
**"The Gorki Trilogy," at the Everyman**
**"Rear Window," at the Plaza**
**"Riot in Cell Block 11," at the Academy**

Chaplin is back: the great Gorki trilogy may be seen whole for the first time; Hitchcock has made his best film in fifteen years; and *Riot in Cell Block 11* must be added to the short list of Hollywood prison exposés. What more, in seven days, could a film-critic dream of?

The Chaplin revival takes us another step forward in our rediscovery of the master. *Modern Times*, which occupied him during the five years (1931-6) after *City Lights*, is his fanciful auto-

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biography of the Slump; machine madness, lock-outs, strikes, hunger and agitation give a sudden wrench to the charmed rough-and-tumble; talk makes its first wry appearance out of loudspeakers and prying tele-screens, and then in a boulevard patter song (Hispano-Gallic) from Charlie's own lips; if there's more satire than ever before, day-dream bubbles up round the new waif-love, Paulette Goddard, and achieves a happy walk-away; the tit-for-tat with his best pupil—Clair—boldly snatches the main theme from *A Nous la Liberté*, and improves on it; and fun—some have complained, a shade too deliberately—is packed in.

But what wonderful fun it is! Charlie in the factory—the whole of the long first part—is a masterpiece; he plays a dozen variations on the conveyor-belt disrupted, goes off with a nut-twisting mania and starts operating on female buttons, some irresistibly situated, undergoes the torture of a lunatic feeding machine beside which a visit to the dentist would be a rest-cure, disappears down chutes and is grated between wheels. Then he sleeps, guarding his love, in a dog-kennel by a stream, emerges in the morning, wearing an old-fashioned bathing suit and rubbing his hands, to dive into eighteen inches of water. He and she enjoy the opulent run of a big store. The heavens and hells of roller-skating are his. He dreams of a cottage for two, where the cow will pause by the door to yield milk by numbers. He picks up a red flag dropped from a lorry and finds himself arrested as a Communist leader. He is always getting in and out of prison and finding his dream-girl just round the corner. Finally, he gets a job as a singing waiter, and—after some acrobatics not in the contract—he sings.

His next adventure will be full speech and the split-role of Hitler and the little Jew barber. Whether *Modern Times* is "better" or not than *City Lights*—I found myself a little less carried away—hardly comes into question: it is an essential part of the Chaplin saga, and he has made it as well as he, and only he, could. One can't assert more about—say—Book VI of the *Odyssey*.

I see that I shall have to leave reviewing the Gorki Autobiography till next week, when I shall have seen all three parts. Meanwhile let me urge everyone to go and enjoy this great work, into which Donskoi has crammed more humanity, more power and pity, a more rampageous realism than even Gorki himself. *The Childhood of Maxim Gorki* runs till Sunday; *My Apprenticeship*, never before seen in England but astonishingly as good, for a week from Monday; and *My Universities*, for the week following. The programmes will then be repeated if they attract. They should. An English film with this life and strength would fill the Albert Hall for a year.

Hitchcock's *Rear Window* is a most ingenious thriller about a press-photographer (James Stewart) laid up with a leg in plaster and nothing better to do than look out of the window into other people's flats during a heat wave. It becomes a mania. He spots, as he thinks, murder; and out come the field glasses and then the telephoto lens. He is visited by a nurse, a fiancée, a detective friend, whom he tries to bring round to his view. What happens may well be left to cinemagoers to discover for themselves. The stealthiest, sharpest means are employed; every move of people or of the camera is exactly calculated; and if it be objected that Hitchcock makes his characters tuppence-coloured and his pattern of excitement too artificial, I can only say that it worked with me. One gets to share this mania of window-gazing; nightmare suspicions find confirmation; and then. . . . Not the least proof of Hitchcock's brilliance is the sound-track, especially towards the end, when our eyes are almost bolting out of our heads.

*Riot in Cell Block 11* starts with a "March of Time" rake-round of prison riots, and then pitches into one, with every appearance of being factual at the very beginning. The break out of one cell opens others; a whole block is involved, then the whole prison. The ring-leader (Neville Brand) and the warden (Emile Meyer), and lesser characters on both sides, emerge strongly; and the whole film, directed by Walter Wanger, manages to be precise, dismaying, and impartial.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

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# Correspondence

## THE TATE GALLERY

SIR,—The appearance of the Tate Gallery Trustees' Report, which ignores serious criticism of its administration, has naturally led to expectations in some quarters that I should now give a full account of the reasons and circumstances of my resignation. I regret that, after full consideration, I must refrain from doing so, because I find it impossible to reconcile my work as a painter with the distractions of controversy. I must content myself with supplying a few facts that may not be generally known.

(1) It is suggested that current criticism of the Gallery administration has arisen from a campaign of calumny, and that criticisms I made when I resigned have been examined and found negligible. At the time of my resignation I stated that I had already wished to resign in 1952-53, and I may add that my reasons had no connection whatsoever with what has been described as a campaign "to hound Sir John Rothenstein out of Millbank." I was at that time persuaded to remain in the belief that the causes of my disquiet would be removed, and when I did resign, not without careful thought, I explained my reasons briefly to the press and amplified them in a lengthy memorandum to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Report, as you point out, evades this evidence.

(2) I have in my possession letters from fellow Trustees written at the time of my resignation telling me that my disquiet was fully shared by my colleagues. One Trustee, who was present at a meeting on January 22, informed me that "every Trustee present felt exactly as you do" in that there was no reason to fear that the Board would not be again confronted with similar embarrassments. Other Trustees also wrote regretting my resignation because they thought that if such action proved necessary—which they, at one point, thought possible—the Trustees should resign *en masse*.

(3) As to staff troubles, there is, to my personal knowledge only too much truth in what you say. Perhaps I shall sufficiently make my point if I recall that during my six-year period as a Trustee, five special inquiries had to be held in staff relations and administration. I should add that during my time at the Tate, I found myself deeply troubled, as one internal crisis succeeded another, by what I came to feel was the unfair treatment of individual members of the staff.

(4) As a postscript to the Trustee's report, it should be observed that three more members of the staff (not connected with the recent irregularities in the handling of Trust funds) have left the Gallery since the end of the period covered by the present Report.

(5) In view of the current misunderstandings I felt obliged to make this brief reply. I have made it as factual and uncontroversial as possible, because I am not prepared just now to devote more energy and time to this matter.

GRAHAM SUTHERLAND

## AFTER SCARBOROUGH

SIR,—The sterility of the Left wing of the Labour Party was never better illustrated than by John Freeman's article in your current issue. As I understood him, our foreign policy should be determined by what we have promised the electorate at home, rather than by a consideration of conditions in the world outside.

We can have no domestic policy that is not based on the crudest neo-Marxist catastrophism. If the "contradictions of capitalism" do not destroy the system there is nothing we can do; as if there were no advances to be made towards the Socialist goals of equality and distribution of power.

Finally, our colonial policy is to be based on blatant self interest; investment in the colonies is a method of dealing with internal economic crisis. Why this defeatist hotch-potch should be considered a "Socialist" policy in contradistinction to what most of us stand for, heaven alone knows.

House of Commons. AUSTEN ALBU

SIR,—I am sure John Freeman's analysis will encourage a more generous appreciation of Left-wing contributions to the Labour Party.

Many will endorse his implicit plea to discriminate between personalities and critical or constructive Party impulses. Personally, I deplore being identified with any person because in some respects my opinions may appear similar to his, particularly when the appropriate vigour of either majority or minority advocacy can be injected with a vehement bitterness that affects my digestion. Certainly I am aware of the contention that individual temperament or psychological characteristics are irrelevancies, but I cannot escape echoes of the Labour Party claim that the spring of its political endeavour lies in the realm of ethical evaluation, which I presume is not, after all, sanctimonious self-deception.

John Freeman shares with me and his other colleagues this reliance on a sense of fraternal comradeship and therefore it cannot be lack of that but objective judgment that led him to refer to "the current supremacy of the anti-Socialists inside the Labour Party." I am therefore curious to know on what intellectual grounds he makes that disturbing antithesis? It is reprehensible to speak of "Bevanism" or "anti-Bevanism," but are we instead now to allude to Socialism and anti-Socialism inside the Labour Party as a more acceptable synonym? If so, where should I place, say, Messrs. Attlee, Griffiths, Strachey and Shinwell? Somehow, I cannot see how classifying them or, indeed, other colleagues, as anti-Socialists is going to help them to be converted to the Socialist conviction they, apparently, lack but that is so strongly upheld by others such as John Freeman.

A guide to the detection of sheep and goats is urgently needed, I suggest.

House of Commons. REGINALD SORENSEN

## BLOCK VOTE

SIR,—Your correspondent P. Gray wonders if any fellow-member of the N.U.G.M.W. has had the same experience as he regarding democracy in his union.

I first joined the Finsbury (London) Branch of the Union in 1930. Since that year there has, to my knowledge, been only one branch meeting and that was about twenty years ago, for the purpose of recommending a union organiser to the local Labour Party for adoption as parliamentary candidate.

UNION MEMBER

[We have received a number of similar letters from members both of the N.U.G.M.W. and the T. & G.W.U.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

## BAYNES STREET RIOT

SIR,—I was interested to read David Ross's Article "Baynes Street Riot" and I agree wholeheartedly with his conclusions. It is a disturbing thought that our islands can hold the seed of "Klu Klux Klan." The attitude of the Police is particularly unfortunate. But it is perhaps hard for a policeman to feel otherwise. Many most liberal-minded and kindly inspectors I have met have started out to deal with coloured delinquents in a sympathetic and almost fatherly way. Unfortunately the coloured men happen, through their peculiar circumstances, to get involved in crimes which are particularly despicable by any standards. Intercourse with girls under fifteen, pimping, and the peddling or smoking of hemp are not crimes which any policeman relishes. When the under-fifteens and the prostitutes are White, any inherent colour prejudice he may have is likely to be brought sharply to the surface. He is inclined to think, like the newspaper-reading public, that all black men are pimps or drug addicts. In fact, only a fraction of the coloured men in this country indulge in crime. The rest, in spite of extreme disadvantages, lead respectable and hard working lives.

But I disagree with Mr. Ross that "they also have trouble in getting work." I have had personal dealings with many recently arrived Jamaicans. The vast majority of them are in jobs within three days of their arrival, and none that I know personally has yet drawn the dole. One youngster got immediate work in a rubber factory, but was obliged to leave on account of an allergy to french chalk. Within an hour of his return to the Employment Exchange he had a job in a nearby toilet paper factory. Three Jamaican girls I know have had several jobs each, usually as finishers or pressers in dress factories, and there is a wide range of jobs open to them. Where the Jamaicans are suffering disappointment is in the *kind* of job that they can get, and the higher cost of food and fares which makes the better wages go no farther than in Jamaica. They are up against real competition when it comes to skilled or semi-skilled jobs; and driving jobs, which they like, and at which they often excel, are practically closed to them. Consequently they are discontented, and constantly change jobs in order to try to better themselves. Even so, once they are here they cannot afford to return, and jobs can be got here and not in Jamaica.

Mr. Ross's 25,000 is a very conservative estimate, and these West Indians are likely to more than double themselves within five years, with White or coloured mates and with or without marriage. If unemployment increases, the situation of these coloured British subjects is likely to become more pitiable, and the resistance to their settlement more acute.

For years now we have smugly clicked and shaken our heads over the colour problems of South Africa and the Southern States of America. It will be interesting to see how we tackle our own. This "dim consciousness" of a colour bar will have to be brought out into the open and dealt with. Birmingham has already aired her colour problem and is taking constructive steps to ease it and to make her coloured workers more welcome. It is time London and other towns did the same. It is time too that more successful and therefore respectable coloured men and women in this country extended a helping and guiding hand to their less fortunate brothers.

For every coloured man who drifts through frustration and bitterness into nasty crimes and easy money does incalculable harm to the cause of good race relations in Britain.

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## HOSPITAL PAY-BEDS

SIR,—In medical matters THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is always in possession of a vast wealth of slightly inaccurate information. In your issue of October 9, 1954 (p. 426) there are serious allegations about the abuse of pay-beds, particularly in relation to tonsillectomy. Perhaps you would rectify your abuse at least as regards one hospital. The Leeds General Infirmary is one of the largest teaching hospitals in the country and is said to be the busiest. With the coming of the National Health Service the pay-beds were reduced from ninety to sixty-eight. Although there has been no increase of hospital beds in this region, the waiting list for pay-beds has fallen over the past few years and in general remains at about two weeks (though sometimes longer). Because of the poliomyelitis epidemic of 1947-48 all tonsillectomy was suspended and an enormous waiting list resulted. But the waiting list for tonsillectomy in this hospital was totally abolished by the end of 1953 and it has only risen again this year because of a rearrangement of hospital beds; when this rearrangement is adjusted the waiting list will no doubt again be reduced to nothing and at present this is determined only by shortage of beds and not because of shortage of staff. I am told by my responsible colleagues that the number of children taken off the hospital waiting list and admitted to a private bed for tonsillectomy averages one a year.

As far as my own department is concerned, all acute cases are immediately admitted to hospital but it is usually quite impossible to admit an acute or even a subacute case to a pay-bed and the waiting list for the pay-beds is invariably longer than that for the general hospital beds.

Leeds. HUGH GARLAND

T. E. LAWRENCE

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JONATHAN CAPE

## SACRED WHITE ELEPHANTS

SIR,—Even "the dim and dreary backbencher," writes Mr. Priestley. What just contempt! The cognoscenti of Grub Street have long known that the politician, refusing office, is a fool and, accepting it, is a scamp.

Humbly I confess my own inadequacy. People write about clean milk, myxomatosis, Seretse Khama, cotton ginning, German rearmament, Lord Botherbrook, bacillary white diarrhoea, napalm bombs, Dr. Malan, homosexuals, penal reform, and a host of things about which I have no ready, specious answer. Even simple issues, like Freedom of the Press, get blurred in my inadequate mind when I am asked to stop stopping the *Decameron*, start stopping American Comics and do something about *John o' London's*.

In a little room in the North, those gentle kindly folk whom Priestley used to describe so well come to see me. The youth with disseminated sclerosis ("No doctor seems to be able to do anything"); the widow whose only son has just got three years for rape ("It was mostly her fault really"); the parents with two young children, one normal, the elder a howling moron ("We love them both so much"); the victim of persecution mania, the sufferer from byssinosis, in they come. I try to be kind, but I admit my futility.

Look at Fenner Brockway for example; working fifteen hours a day without making a red cent out of it, and not even trying to. Of the scores of millions who venerate his name, the majority are quite undistinguished and hardly know a Bach from a bite. But, Sir, I have read a million words of Priestley. And I have not found any answers. Is that his fault or is it mine? LESLIE HALE

House of Commons.

## THE AMERICAN IRISH

SIR,—According to *Time* magazine, you have suggested that it is the Irish and their descendants who continually denounce Britain and the British, especially in America, and suggested that the British start a campaign against U.S. "anti-Britishism." Perhaps you would be interested in the reaction of a minor U.S. Government official, partly of Irish but mostly of English descent, to those remarks.

I agree that many Irishmen, in the U.S. as out of it, are still fighting the battle of Irish independence long after it was won. There are even a few Americans, not Irish, still fighting the Revolutionary War, as there are Southerners in the United States still fighting the American Civil War nearly a century afterward. It is possible to find parallels to this outside of the United States. There can be little doubt that many people of India are still battling the dead imperialism of the West, to such an extent they are blind to the living imperialism of the East; and there are even people in Britain, to move closer to home, who would rather trust our former ally, Russia, with arms than our former enemy, Germany, regardless of the nature of the governments involved.

Nevertheless, I believe I can speak for my own country in saying that such die-hards are a small minority—often a noisy minority, to be sure, but not as powerful nor as important as they look. Just as an example, although Bertie McCormick, publisher of the *Chicago Tribune*, opposed F. D. R. Truman, Eisenhower, the New Deal, and the efforts we made before Pearl Harbour to help the Allies, he was not even successful in Chicago in convincing a majority of citizens to his side. Bishop Sheil, a rather important Catholic priest of Irish descent, quite recently spoke out against Senator McCarthy.

In my acquaintances and in fairly wide reading through current American writing, the anti-British element is pretty thin and weak. Criticisms are often made of the British, such as the recent Attlee-Bevan junket behind the Iron Curtain, but most of them represent a very natural fear that we are going to lose our most important friend overseas from wide-spread terror of the hydrogen bomb. Even then, I would say there is a sympathy in the critics, not hostility.

In conclusion, I would like to ask those Englishmen who can see the unfairness of continued Irish resentment, not to hold past misunderstandings and mistakes (such as our former hostile attitude toward the British Empire) perpetually against the Americans of today. There will never be a time when someone who wants to believe in hatred cannot find enough stray remarks from a country as big as the U.S., to support his belief.

Camp Lejeune, N.C. ALFRED B. MASON

## PUTNEY TOWERS

SIR,—It may be of interest that there are many ordinary people in Putney who do not share Mr. Jones's enthusiasm for glass and concrete towers on the edge of Wimbledon Common and Richmond Park.

These lovely open spaces have served as the main outlet for open air recreation for South London for many years. Surely there is no need to rise above the tree line or to deliberately site these monsters so that they may be seen for miles from any direction, as at Roehampton. Most of us prefer God's architecture to the L.C.C.'s, and whilst it must be admitted that the best place for estates of flats is adjacent to open spaces, it is sheer vandalism to go up eleven floors in such lovely surroundings.

I must also ask Mr. Jones to be fair in his comparisons with private enterprise. What private concern could compulsorily purchase such desirable sites and erect estates on an elaborate scale for rentals far below the economic level?

This bureaucratic octopus is fast creating a large new privileged section of the community, the qualifications for membership being a general willingness to accept no responsibilities, family planning, etc., in order that the Council may provide them with luxury flats at the partial expense of the rest of the community, many of whom are struggling to purchase a home of their own at an income of no more, and in many cases less, than these very fortunate tenants. A. B. WATTS

Putney, S.W.15.

## THE SCOURGE OF THE SWASTIKA

SIR,—Mr. Peet, in his letter informing us about how admirably children in East Germany are told about the Nazi horrors as against the sort of tolerating way in which these matters are mentioned here in the West, seems to be missing a point or two.

First, no one denies that in Communist countries hatred is kept alive for anybody and anything to which the designation "Fascist" is applied, Nazis being a particularly abominable, but still characteristic, species among these. Anti-Nazism is fanned into deadly hatred for anything non-Communist ("Fascist,") and this implies, at least in practice, the employment in political prisons and labour camps, and against Nazis and mere anti-Communists alike, of the very outrages so rightly denounced with Nazism.

Secondly, when will we learn that it is all very well to remember the horrors of a past epoch, but only too dangerous to let them eclipse the horrors of our time? I do know about the latent Nazi activity here and about the necessity of keeping an eye upon it, but must we, in so doing, virtually absolve a Communist regime just because, in pursuit of their plans, they are more successful in this particular field? In short, when will we learn that the present is more important than the past?

HELMUT RICHTER

Fuhrberger Str. 79, Celle, Germany.

## GERMAN REARMAMENT

SIR,—It seemed a little odd to come across the following sentence in André Gide's *Journal* which I was reading for the first time this week:—

4th April, 1943.

In his latest speech Eden speaks of the definitive disarmament of Germany. It is essential to take away from her not, as he says, "the possibility of arming again," but rather, but better, the need, the very desire, to do so (surveillance, as we have seen, is impossible).

GEORGE DUNRAVEN

# Books in General

To those who study the variety of Rimbaud exegis and lore, the poet seems like a character from a Pirandello play, incarnating the playwright's view that there can be no final truth, since truth varies with different individuals, and indeed with the same individual in different circumstances: *à chacun sa vérité*. Thus the poet appears in various guises to his diverse interpreters, and it is not only the individual critics who see him dissimilarly, but each successive age has used him as a lay figure on which to drape its own philosophy of life. He has been painted variously as a *voyou* and *voyant*; an atheist and a Christian; a Communist and a Fascist; an archangel and a devil; an inspired genius and a writer of gibberish. Each biographer has painted a different picture, each has taken a portion of the poet, but not the whole, and has thought that he alone of all others has understood him.

Are all these images fragments of a broken figure which can be welded into a homogeneous whole? Or is it—as Etiemble claims*—that it is only themselves that the critics see? Wittily parodying what Mallarmé said of Poe, he adds that their Rimbaud is only *"tel qu'en eux-mêmes, hélas, les critiques le changent."* Yet there did exist one living man called Arthur Rimbaud, born a hundred years ago on October 20, who, with all his complexities and contradictions, was one single recognisable personality, in whom the separate pieces must have fitted and blended, if they all belonged to the same jigsaw puzzle.

Most of the first critics who studied Rimbaud had known him in the flesh, during his short time in Paris when he practised the *"dérèglement de tous les sens"* in an effort to reach the unknown. Those who came into contact with him then saw him as a drunken lout, whose manners were uncivilised and whose arrogance was unfounded. But even at that time, in the midst of general condemnation, there was one fair picture. Léon Valade, a poet now forgotten, was alone amongst the others in realising something of the unique quality of the young writer, and he wrote to a friend that literature was undoubtedly beholding the birth of the genius, that this remark was not a passing whim but his considered opinion after three weeks of reflection. He described him as the infant Christ in the midst of the doctors. Nevertheless the general impression left on those who had known him personally was that of a juvenile delinquent who indulged in drugs and drink. This oral tradition was fostered by Verlaine—perhaps to justify his own aberrations. That was the picture of Rimbaud current at the end of the nineteenth century. Even his closest childhood friend, Delahaye (who was to see him later as a mystic and a seer) in an anonymous preface to the first collection of his poems, published when their author, unknown to his friends, lay dying in a Marseilles hospital, painted him as disreputably as possible; and similarly in his obituary notice.

There were, however, two writers, who had not known the poet, who did not subscribe to this widespread view. They were Paul Claudel, who owed his conversion in part to reading Rimbaud's *Illuminations*, and called him *"un mystique à l'état sauvage"*; and George Moore, who was unique amongst critics in realising the young poet's spiritual nature. In an article, published in *Impressions and Opinions*, more than six months before Rimbaud's death, he describes, with many romantic details, how Rimbaud closed his eyes to temptations and delights when, leaving Verlaine, he continued his solitary road untainted, and then, after saying farewell to Europe, led the life of a hermit and a saint in a monastery on the Red Sea coast, digging with a spade for love of God! Moore, more acutely than Maurras who, at the same time, described Rimbaud as a *"génie avorté"*, claimed that the young Bohemian had, in a few years, anticipated all the revolutions of modern poetry, and that he carried in his heart the richness of a great poet.

The second picture of Rimbaud came when Isabelle, his sister, and her husband set to work to paint the idealised and idolatrous family portrait, altering the poet's correspondence—and even his writings—to suit the picture. They described the model schoolboy, his intellectual brilliance, the successful businessman, the explorer who was at the same time the friend of princes in Abyssinia, culminating in *Rimbaud Mystique*. The final touches to this idealised portrait were added by Yerta Méléra, the friend of Isabelle, in her biography which is inspired by the family idolatry and absence of sense of humour and reality.

After the 1914 War, when youth was at a premium and idolised, Rimbaud was seen as the marvellous boy, the young adventurer, both in the realms of fantasy and of the world. Many are the essays which build up the figure of the beautiful archangel and messenger from another sphere. Noteworthy amongst them is the book by the English poet Edgell Rickword, published in 1924, which was the best up to date in any country, for he showed a comprehension of the poet's personality rare at that time. His chief interest lay in the human aspect, and this was the first time that a serious attempt had been made to give a psychological interpretation of the poet. Rickword considered that his personality reached its fullest development, and even his poetical qualities, in his Abyssinian phase, and he called him the best type of English explorer. This may evoke a smile from members of other races. Rimbaud's adventurous aspect is also stressed in Carré's biography, *La Vie Aventureuse de Rimbaud*, published in 1926, the most complete work as yet.

At the end of the Twenties, after the last members of the family had died, the reaction against the idealised portrait set in. This is seen in the works of Marcel Coulon, in which he paints the poet as cynical, bitter, vicious and godless, and displays a predilection for sordid detail which he relates with obvious relish—albeit simulating recoil and disgust. This was followed by the psycho-analytical approach to the poet's work, now that the idea of Freud had had time to percolate down to the general public; and Rimbaud soon became a favourite subject for the analyst. His writings, particularly those which make use of childhood experiences and memories, were explored in search of hidden conflicts and complexes. The most satisfactory of such studies is that by Cecil Hackett, entitled *Rimbaud L'Enfant*, which interprets all his works through psycho-analysis.

This approach led to stress being laid on the darker and abnormal aspects of human nature, and then the picture of the homosexual was sketched, with lurid accounts of his relationship with Verlaine. We find this in *Rimbaud Vivant* by Robert Goffin, in which all the poems, even the very earliest, are interpreted through paederasty. Similar preoccupations are seen in Humphrey Haire's *Sketch for a Portrait of Rimbaud*, which deals only with the poet's biography, and from this one angle. Yet how can a likeness of a poet be drawn—even if only a sketch—if no account is taken of that part of his being most characteristically his alone, his literary talent?

This was the period of disgust and disillusionment of the Thirties, when the young men of letters reacted violently against all the values of their elders—both moral and artistic. Then it was that Rimbaud the anarchist was painted, the rebel who had revolted against the abuses of his time. He became for the young of the day the archetype of the individualist, of the Bohemian, who owed no allegiance or obedience to anyone or anything, and wished to change the hierarchy of moral values, and those of good taste as well. He was the exiled angel who, disgusted with conventional virtue, opted for evil as a change, like a character from Dostoevsky, and wallowed in degradation. The resulting filth and poverty were what, for Auden and his school made a poet of Rimbaud.

Another image of this violent dissident is that of the Communist, and it is this picture that emerges from Etiemble's first book on Rimbaud, written with Yassu Gauclère. This Communist, as was inevitable, rejected Europe, its society, its ideas and its outworn sensibilities, for a life of pure action in a primitive civilisation which was not yet rotten at the core. Edmund Wilson, in *Axel's Castle*, says that this is also the logical conclusion for modern man, and that when we have examined the tragic completeness of Rimbaud's career, we have watched the human spirit strained to its most resolute sincerity, and breaking itself in the effort to escape from humiliating compromise. The other poets, he concludes, were inspired by a leaden acquiescence in defeat.

This *voyou* picture was not, however, the only one at that time of disillusionment and despair; there was his spiritual counterpart, the *voyant*, whose escape from a putrefying civilisation was not in a primitive world of action, but in one of contemplation. That is the figure which emerges from Roland de Renneville's *Rimbaud le Voyant*, where the poet is painted as a mystical philosopher, heir to the wisdom of the East.

There were, as well, those who, whilst not denying Rimbaud's mystical qualities, saw him as a Christian metaphysician rather than as an Eastern philosopher. Claudel, who had not lost his early passion for the poet's work, believed that he remained, in his worst aberrations, an ardent witness for Christianity, and Daniel-Rops describes him as pursued and overcome by God.

* *Le Mythe de Rimbaud.* By ETIEMBLE. *Gallimard.* 21*s.*

Then came the present author's picture of Rimbaud as an alchemist—another facet of the *voyant*. Not that she believes that he ever actually practised alchemical experiments, but that he resorted to alchemical texts and dictionaries, as to a ready-made repertory of symbols and images. The alchemists of old had used such images to disguise the nature and results of their experiments, but Rimbaud used them to suggest that a hidden mystery existed in his work. He used alchemical images and formulas in order to symbolise the search for God, and the absolute was then, in other terms, the philosopher's gold. The gold symbolises the divine vision, and success in making it was entry into what Saint Teresa of Avila called the Inner Castle, where perfect bliss and unity were found.

In the Thirties Rimbaud broke into the stronghold of the University; and now emerges the final and most terrifying figure, that of the martyr on the rack of the doctoral dissertation. The most significant works on Rimbaud which have appeared since the end of the Second World War have been doctorate theses. Most important amongst these are *Rimbaud et le Problème des Illuminations* by Bouillane de Lacoste, *La Pensée Poétique de Rimbaud* by Jacques Gengoux, and *Le Mythe de Rimbaud* by Etiemble (as kings dispense with surnames, so does Etiemble with an initial). All are essential for a further study of Rimbaud, and all hold conflicting views.

In the twenty-five years since serious work on Rimbaud began, we have been given every kind of interpretation of the poet and his works, but now, in Etiemble's monumental thesis, published in 1952, we reach the analysis and demolition of the different theories. His great merit is that he goes back to what Rimbaud really wrote, and only that, and strips away the later accretions. His was an interesting idea, and it could have proved rewarding if he had been able to draw conclusions from his research, and to generalise on the variations and development of the myth during the six decades since Rimbaud died. But his thesis lacks form and concentration—perhaps these qualities will appear when the two further volumes announced are published. He has devoted nearly thirty years of research and great learning to this work of destruction; he has the erudition and capacity for unrewarding labour of the true scholar, but he has not always tried to understand the arguments which he wants to demolish, and he writes as if all the views were held simultaneously and still existed all at once. A great deal of his effort is spent in flogging dead horses, and in exploding theories which existed only before the documents to refute them were discovered, and which had been discarded before his attack.

In the long procession of different figures who have paraded before our bewildered eyes, there is one that is missing, and that is the man of letters. Yet Rimbaud, who by natural talents was a born poet, possessed as well the ingrained instincts of the professional writer, and he became one of the most finished artists and craftsmen of French literature, whose effects—as study of the few available manuscripts shows—were deliberately and consciously achieved and not merely the result of chance, or of what the Romantics called effluent inspiration.

The proliferation of a myth is not necessarily time misspent—*pace* Etiemble—but is evidence of intellectual curiosity and vitality of interest. It is this writer's hope that, when the centenary of the poet's death is commemorated in 1991, the empty space will have been filled, and that the picture of the man of letters will hang in its rightful place beside the others, in the long gallery of Rimbaud portraits.

ENID STARKIE

## THE WINDOW SILL

Presage and caveat not only seem
To come in dream,
But do so come in dream.

When the cock crew and phantoms floated by,
This dreamer I
Out of the house went I,

Down long unsteady streets to a mad square;
And who was there,
Or whom did I know there?

Julia, leaning on her window sill,
"I love you still"
Said she, "O love me still!"

I answered: "Julia, do you love me best?"
"What of this breast,"
She mourned, "this flowery breast?"

Then a wild sobbing spread from door to door,
And every floor
Cried shame on every floor,

As she unlaced her bosom to disclose
Each breast a rose,
A white and cankered rose.

ROBERT GRAVES

## THE LAST OF THE WHIGS

**Lord M.** By DAVID CECIL. *Constable.* 21*s.*

This companion volume to *The Young Melbourne* (published fifteen years ago) completes the life of the second Viscount Melbourne, who was the last Whig Prime Minister of England. So many hitherto untapped family archives have been placed at the author's disposal that it is difficult to envisage any further information coming to light; and we shall probably never know more about the astonishing career and baffling character of this strange aristocrat than what Lord David Cecil is now able to tell us.

Melbourne reached political eminence by a very unorthodox route. Most successful politicians struggle up to the top by will-power, keeping their competitive energy stoked up with ambition. Melbourne abhorred competition; and arrived at the seat of power more or less by accident. He was lazily drifting along with the tide of politics, only the tide happened to be coming in and almost before he knew it he found himself stranded as Prime Minister. The dramatic moment came in 1834 when the Whigs had passed the Reform Bill and were already heartily sick of the consequences. A rude speech by O'Connell in the Commons gave Lord Althorp an excuse to resign, Lord Grey snatched the opportunity to follow suit, Lord Lansdowne hid himself at Bowood, and Melbourne was the only Whig leader left sufficiently palatable to King William IV to form a Government. The story goes that he was in two minds whether to accept the responsibility even then: "I think it's a damned bore" was his comment on the prospect of being Prime Minister. For the next three years his expectation of boredom was confirmed by experience. The party he was supposed to be leading was hopelessly divided. The Whigs had had enough reform to last them a lifetime, while the Radicals wanted to press on with the good work. Melbourne naturally favoured the Whigs but he was too languidly disposed to assert himself. His last resort was to go to sleep at Cabinet meetings and leave those who remained awake to fight it out and reach some conclusion.

When Queen Victoria succeeded to the throne Lord Melbourne became a changed man, for at last there seemed some point in being Prime Minister. His colleagues remained as tiresome and intractable as ever; but he could divert all his attention to the impressionable young girl whom he set about to educate and fascinate: he never fell asleep beside the Queen. The chapters in which Lord David Cecil describes this curious companionship of youth and age are deeply moving. The story of how Melbourne coached the ignorant girl in her royal duties and tried to turn her into a tolerant and liberal-minded woman is familiar enough, but has never before been told with such skill and exquisite sympathy. But the tender relationship of master and pupil was short-lived, as is the habit of idylls; and it was doomed to end, not with the bang of a General Election and the sudden irruption of Sir Robert Peel, as Melbourne fully expected and feared, but with his quiet supersession by Prince Albert, of which the Prime Minister hardly seemed aware. It was as well, perhaps, for Melbourne's self-esteem that his party lost the 1841 election, or he would have come to realise that the fine flower of Whiggery and the charms of a Regency *beau* were no match in the long run for a handsome, humourless prig from Coburg.

As Lord David Cecil never deviates from his expressed intention of writing "a study in the evolution of a character" the political background is sketched in somewhat summarily. There are some brilliant portraits of Whigs and Radicals thrown in at suitable junctures, but Lord David shows no more concern for the hurly-burly of Parliamentary debates than did Lord Melbourne himself. The main purpose of the book is to elucidate a paradoxical personality. What link was there between the kind, fond, considerate Lord M. who sat beside Queen Victoria—a pre-eminently good man—and the disillusioned, cynical being he turned into as soon as he left the Palace? It was a puzzle his contemporaries never solved; they labelled him eccentric and left it at that. The temptation for a modern biographer is to dip into the latest text-books for guidance and attribute the two conflicting sides of his character to some infantile frustration. Certainly his mother was sufficiently unscrupulous and dominating to complicate the emotions of any child of hers. But William was always her favourite and if he suffered in youth it was from indulgence rather than repression. Lord David refuses to chase any such Freudian will-o'-the-wisp; he puts the blame further back, on heredity. In this view Melbourne's dissatisfaction with life was innate. The sensuality he inherited from his mother could never come to terms with the idealistic tendency contributed by his father; and Melbourne was doomed to oscillate between his conflicting genes. In *The Young Melbourne* the sensual side was gratified. But sensuality is not a satisfactory equivalent for love; *Lord M.* personified the better half of his nature, which at last found the opportunity to express itself in an outburst of paternal affection for the young Queen.

The basis of a good biography is selection. Lord Melbourne sprawled through life with such apparent inconsequence that even his closest acquaintance found him unpredictable. Yet every reader, as he closes this book, will feel he knows the man through and through. That is the proof of Lord David Cecil's success. In his hands all the random threads are drawn dexterously together: the sporadic love affairs and the assiduous

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reading of the Early Fathers, the relish for worldly goods and contempt for worldly values, the passionate loyalty to friends and the strange lack of intimacy, the thumping oaths and the trickling tears, all fall into place to create a consistent pattern. The Whigs have been extinct for a hundred years: Holland House lies open to the sky, and the Devonshire House drawl has faded from memory. Yet one typical specimen of that aristocratic genus, a blend of pride, brutality, high-mindedness, insouciance and hard commonsense survives for our edification, embalmed in Lord David Cecil's masterly prose.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

## THE ANDALUSIAN TOWN

**The People of the Sierra.** By J. A. PITT-RIVERS. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 18s.

Alcalá de la Sierra is a small town in the mountains west of Ronda. With its surrounding farms it has about 3,000 inhabitants—half the population of a century ago. The decline of local industry has almost eliminated the factory-hand and the artisan, and the present inhabitants live basically by agriculture. They form a dwindling but active community representative, in many ways, not only of Spain but of much of southern and eastern Europe. They are studied in this book by a social anthropologist who lived among them long enough to enter into exceptionally close contact with them.

The dominant theme is the conflict between the small community, where everyone knows his neighbours, and the large, remote entity of the State. The local is opposed to the centralised, morality to law. The second are represented by various officials who are integrated in different degrees into the *pueblo*. The Food Control inspector, enforcing regulations which no one accepts, is always an outsider. The Town Clerk manages to be one personality in the club and another in his office. The Justice of the Peace, on the other hand, conceives it as his whole duty to reconcile disputes before they can reach the law courts; for there they go beyond the orbit of the *pueblo* to enter the uncertain domain of State jurisdiction.

But it would be wrong to picture Alcalá as consciously resisting centralisation. Most of the inhabitants are so little aware of fighting a rear-guard action that they do not conceive of a different organisation of life. Except where the richer landowners are concerned, the customs and sanctions of the *pueblo* are immeasurably stronger than any outside force. An extreme example is the *vito*, a public mocking of people whose sexual conduct has outraged community opinion. It takes the form of night-long dancing outside the culprit's house by young men armed with bells, cow-horns and tin cans. They sing bawdy rhymes composed for the occasion and make sleep impossible. Dr. Pitt-Rivers records one, in 1930, which went on nightly for three months and drove the man concerned to his death. The voice of the *pueblo*, collective and anonymous, had cast him out for infringing its moral code.

Dr. Pitt-Rivers links this local morality with the conception of *vergüenza*, meaning "proper shame," or an innate sense for the decencies of life. It is regarded as pre-eminently a feminine quality and is the counterpart to the masculine *hombría*, implying both courage and virility. Transposed from a personal to a social level, it is the function of the masculine quality to protect the feminine *vergüenza*—which, incidentally, sets up quite a different series of reactions from the Protestant concept of force at the service of "right." The national legal code is not felt to perform this function. It is therefore replaced by various expedients, from banditry to the making of false returns, which add up to what may appear to be the exaggerated Spanish individualism. When analysed, however, it is not individualism in the absolute so much as conformity with the standards of a much smaller group than is usual in more strongly centralised societies. The impression is, of course, reinforced by the concept of personal manliness, which causes each male to present himself as a strongly outlined personality even when he is reacting in exactly the same manner as his immediate neighbours.

The usual mediants between community and State are lacking in Alcalá, as in most of Spain. Political democracy, giving individuals the safe, if somewhat drab, status of joint stock-holders through a system of trusted elections, is a concept which has never developed. The Church, which once provided a transcendental morality above both custom and law, has ceased to perform that office. What is left is a sense of neighbourly solidarity, oppressively close in northern eyes and not attaining the old Socialist ideal of fraternity, but vital in the absence of other forms of security. Sometimes it is broken or betrayed, but it is still the strongest cohesive force in modern Spain.

This book makes a valuable contribution to an understanding of the Spanish character. It is also a fair picture of one Andalusian town, with much interest in the detail. Yet it is doubtful if it makes the best use of the material so carefully gathered It is claimed as a successful application of social anthropology to a new field, that of the non-primitive West European community. Other reviewers have already suggested that the technique should be applied still nearer home, for instance to the British mining village. In most hands, the result would be either satire or a tabulation of the obvious. Even Dr. Pitt-Rivers's very human observations too often stop short at the generality. Beyond that point the psychology of the individual needs examining if the true meaning of the social attitude is to be explored. His decision not to discuss religion (apart from the political significance of the Church) leaves his chapter on local superstitions in the air, while his silence on cultural questions gives the impression that the social motives of the *Alcareños* revolve almost exclusively on commerce and sex. On the other hand, much space is given to information hardly capable of assessment. Such is his discussion of the significance of *Don* and *Señor* when applied to certain individuals. As well ask why the English only call their dogs *Sir* when they are furious. A book which might have been fascinating while still true is emptied of much of its interest by this self-denying technique.

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## MUCH LEARNING . . .

**A Study of History.** Volumes VII-X. By ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE. *Oxford, for the Royal Institute of International Affairs.* £7 10s.

Twenty years ago Professor Toynbee published the first three volumes of his Study of History. In these he discussed how civilisations originated and traced the process of their growth. Five years later there followed three more volumes, in which he described the breakdown and disintegration of civilisations. Now, after a long interruption, he has completed his plan. First, he winds up the historical part of his work by examining in more detail certain institutions which in his view accompany the disintegration of civilisation — universal states, universal churches, and heroic barbarians beyond the pale; and he discusses the contacts that have taken place between different civilisations both in space and time. Finally, abandoning the role of historian for the more congenial one of prophet and moral teacher, he asserts the validity of historical laws and speculates on the prospects for western civilisation.

It is late in the day to debate the merits of the "Toynbee method." The general public has given one answer; the professional historians another. The first six volumes have broken all records as best-sellers; they rank second only to whisky as a dollar-earner. The scepticism of historians seems of small account in comparison. Yet a professional scholar would be false to his conscience and his calling if he did not raise his voice in dissent, however ineffectual, and if he did not declare that this is not history as he understands it. Professor Toynbee's method is not that of scholarship, but of the lucky dip, with emphasis on the luck. His book bears the same relation to history that Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* does to a modern work of psychology; and it is less entertaining. The events of the past can be made to prove anything if they are arranged in a suitable pattern; and Professor Toynbee has succeeded in forcing them into a scheme that was in his head from the beginning. Though he claimed to be making a comparative study of twenty-one different civilisations, his scheme was, in fact, a generalisation from the history of the Ancient World. First came independent states, warring against each other in a Time of Troubles; then the Universal State of the Roman empire; and finally, in consequence, breakdown and disintegration. If other civilisations failed to fit into this pattern, they were dismissed as abortive, ossified, or achieving a wrong-headed *tour de force*. Yet the generalisation applied only to one part of the Roman world. The Roman empire survived at Constantinople. Therefore a breakdown had to be discovered here also; and the Byzantine empire had to be described not as a continuation, but as a new civilisation.

Professor Toynbee is endlessly fertile in discovering historical "laws" and in seeing to it that they operate. As he explains, a historian should not fumble with his keys when he encounters a new lock; he should add a new key to his ring. But from this moment the key is ostentatiously displayed as a universal solver of puzzles. For instance, Professor Toynbee discovers the "law" that North America was not to be united under a single political authority; then History steps in and operates the law for him.

> During the War of A.D. 1812-14, no less than during the War of A.D. 1775-83, History kept a watchful eye open to make sure that the United States of North America should not surreptitiously put Canada into her pocket.

And again:

> the eventually frustrated nisus towards unity was favoured by physiological forces which were as

potent as they were obvious, whereas the ultimately victorious inclination towards partition was History's "dark horse" in the field.

Does this spate of words explain anything or make the historical development of North America clearer? On the contrary, it bludgeons the reader into insensibility so that he is ready to accept anything for the sake of stemming the torrent. In the earlier volumes the analogies and asides had a fascination in themselves; and the best parts were those which Mr. Somervell cut out in his systematised abridgement. Now adjectives are piled on with all the ruthlessness which the Egyptians used when building the pyramids. Capitals, quotations, biblical references follow one another in a remorseless drumming. No sensitive reader is likely to survive the sentence which describes the inhabitants of Anatolia as "the fellow victims of a Rumeliot Ottoman Turkish 'ascendancy's' conquered Orthodox Christian subjects in Europe."

Not only is the method remote from that of historical scholarship. The book is not designed to serve a historical purpose. Professor Toynbee may insist—repeatedly, of course—that he is interested in the historian's question: "How did this come out of that?" In fact, his peepshow of history is so much preliminary to answering quite a different question: "What will come out of the present this?" In his earlier volumes he was already hinting at the answer. The Time of Troubles in the Ancient World ended in a Universal State (the capitals follow Professor Toynbee's practice). Therefore our Time of Troubles, which apparently began—for no particular reason—in A.D.1552, will also end in a Universal State. Stagnation will produce disintegration, and all that remains will be a Universal Church, springing not from the Dominant Minority, but from the proletariat. Professor Toynbee did not altogether like this answer; and he therefore suggested that the Roman Catholic Church, being no human institution but the one divine revelation of God, would save us from future upsets after all.

This answer, too, he no longer favours. He still foresees the Universal State, imposed upon mankind by the atom-bomb. With a shortsightedness curious in a far-ranging historian, he insists that, since there are now only two Great Powers in the world, there will never be more; and that one of them will destroy the other, if they do not merge by agreement. The Universal State will provide men with peace and, according to Professor Toynbee's new-found enthusiasm for economics, with prosperity. But what will men do with their Leisure in this "Commonwealth of Swine"? This is the question which now racks him. He answers: they will meditate upon religion. But it will no longer be Roman Catholicism or even Christianity; it will be an amalgam of every known religion. Professor Toynbee is no longer a Christian. Mr. Martin Wight conducts a prolonged debate with him in footnotes and finally wrings from him the reluctant confession: "I do not believe that Christianity or any other higher religion is an exclusive and definitive revelation of Spiritual Truth." The Roman Church, it seems, is too rigid and dogmatic; its worst fault has been its refusal to preach artificial birth-control to the peoples of India and China.

The religion for our future meditations will be a mish-mash of the Virgin Mary and Mother Isis, of St. Michael and Mithras, of St. Peter and Muhammad, of St. Augustine and Jalal-ad-Din Mawlana. The great thing is that it should be religion. Professor Toynbee finds the guideline of History "in a progressive increase in the provision of spiritual opportunities for human souls in transit through This World." He has "an intuition" that

> the 'universal churches' embodying the 'higher religions' were not merely the latest type of human society that had made its appearance up to date but were also an apter vehicle than either civilization or primitive societies for helping human beings to make their pilgrim's progress towards the goal of human endeavours.

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is to believe that Man made himself. Gibbon and Sir James Frazer are numbered among the damned. Faith, or to put it more bluntly, Superstition, is the only thing that will save us from the Wrath to Come. Professor Toynbee is emphatically not among those who hold that it is better to doubt in Hell than to believe in Heaven. With his taste for quotations, he might reflect that Fear is a bad counsellor, and even perhaps a bad historian.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

## WHO EVER GOES TO OGYGIA?

**Conquest by Man.** By PAUL HERRMANN. *Hamish Hamilton.* 30*s.*

This is a story-book about travel and trade routes. It starts us off with a worldly little scene set in the upper Paleolithic, where the principal and teacher of a great school of painting shakes his head over what he has just accomplished at Altamira. All that realism—is it not indefensible?

Was there an art trade in those days? There was at any rate the flint trade, the salt trade, and the amber trade, upon which our author embroiders other pleasant fancies to engage our attention. We meet Cretan trade barons, neolithic capitalists and commercial travellers; learn about money from the clever philosopher Aristotle, and go into a day-dream over the Isles of the Blest, which we locate in the Canaries.

Did the Greeks eat fish? Do gorillas throw stones? Where was Punt, the Land of God? In as difficult a place as possible: Zimbabwe, in Rhodesia, which is also discovered to be the biblical Ophir. "German archæologists in particular have established that all the alleged Egyptian and Phoenician finds are fakes," our author writes; yet, "to unprejudiced readers like ourselves it sounds reasonable that," etcetera, to the carefully insinuated conclusion. Herr Herrmann does all this on purpose, for he must know that the ruins of Zimbabwe are medieval and can hardly be dated much before A.D. 800, and that the builders and occupiers were the Bantu of those days. Still, the ruins might have been attributed to Peruvian adventurers from Lake Titicaca, as our author would like to have done, or so he suggested in an aside.

Herr Herrmann, expert as he is in having his cake and eating it, hasn't quite the face to suggest that Viracocha was a Viking, though he juggles with chronology so that Quetzalcoatl can become one. The Tzendal of Yucatan called him Wotan (Uotan, "the heart," from a Mayan root meaning "breast") and this is a help. We can also have fun with the admittedly peculiar Mandan Indians who among other things kept a palladium in an ark. Were these the descendants of a Welsh expedition launched in 1170? "The connection which Catlin suggests between the Mandan and King Madoc and his followers is, of course, pure surmise—though," etcetera.

How about the Phoenicians in Brazil? On the Pedra da Gavea, just outside Rio de Janeiro, is an inscription said to contain the following words: "Tyre, Phoenicia, Badezir, Firstborn of Jethbaal. . . ." Another Phoenician inscription was found in Parahyba in 1874—"We are here, sons of the land of Canaan in Syria," it starts. One inscription is caused by weathering and the other is a fake, as our author admits. Still, Badezir ruled Phoenicia from 855 to 850 B.C. . . .

Who is Hjalmar R. Holand? Where is Eystribyggd? Was Vinland in Massachusetts? We are, I confess, better served here and in the remaining part of the book, despite the officious gossip which the author intrudes between his characters and their actions. He gives an account, not too unfairly, of the Viking discovery of Greenland and America, of the Kon-tiki theory of Polynesian origins, of the Portuguese circumnavigation of Africa, and of the travels of the journalists Herodotus, Ibn Batuta and Marco Polo. He tells us a variety of the many astonishing things to be discovered by reading wide; and there are always his questions How did crocodiles get into the Indus? Do virgins become pregnant through drinking water? Was Nestor of Kiev telling the truth?

FRANCIS HUXLEY

## NEW NOVELS

**The Black Swan.** By THOMAS MANN. *Secker & Warburg.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

**The Centre of the Stage.** By GERALD SYKES. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

**Pictures from an Institution.** By RANDALL JARRELL. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

**Ben Nevis Goes East.** By COMPTON MACKENZIE. *Chatto & Windus.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

**Smuggler's Circuit.** By DENYS ROBERTS. *Methuen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

What a magnificent old death-watch beetle Thomas Mann is, and how infallibly his obsession for finding death in life and life in death, and juggling with the eternal opposites, provides the motive power for his masterpieces, *The Magic Mountain* and *Death in Venice*. He never writes so well as when consciously indulging this necrophiliac bent. And now, in his eightieth year, comes *The Black Swan*, long short story or novelette in length, about an abominably difficult, intrinsically unbearable subject, the sudden love of a middle-aged woman for a younger man and the terrible gynæcological case-history underlying it. The period is the early Twenties. Rosalie von Tümmler, a vivacious fifty-year-old widow, living with her artist daughter Anna, and her rather lumpish son, in Düsseldorf, has already reached the menopause when she falls head over heels in love with Ken, a young American who is teaching English in the town. She experiences a deceptively complete physical as well as psychological feeling of rejuvenation. On an expedition to Hatterhof Castle, after an encounter with a black swan (plainly symbolising death) she declares her love. That night she is taken ill with a severe hæmorrhage. The cause of the sudden rejuvenation was a tumor. She dies after a hopeless operation. Her last words to Anna are: "Nature—I have always loved her, and she—has been loving to her child." There is a certain amount of floral symbolism; and in the early part of the story a passage about smells and the sweet odour of decay presages the meeting point of death and love on which the story turns.

Does it really comes off? I find it almost impossible to decide after a first reading. The subject, the whole tragic case-history, makes inevitably an immediate assault on one's emotions. The embarrassment which Rosalie's discussions of her condition with her daughter engender may be artistically successful; I think it probably is. The dialogue is certainly a bit stiff here and there; but then, though Mr. Willard Trask is an accomplished translator, I miss the hand of Mrs. Lowe Porter. At any rate, it is impossible not to be deeply impressed.

The next two novels are by two highly intelligent Americans. Both have a distinct touch of that obliquity which you often find in the writing of American intellectuals, part, perhaps, of the reaction away from middlebrow obviousness and vulgarity, and the debasement of the colloquial you-man style. *The Centre Of The Stage* is set during a week-end at the house of Carlotta, a middle-aged but still beautiful actress, married to David, a medical research worker who suffers from gastric trouble and is a bit of a saint. Theirs is a difficult marriage with strong cross-currents of power-rivalry from Carlotta; in the course of the week-end, its whole history is revealed, also the fact that David has cancer of the stomach, and that Carlotta half tries to murder him. The younger generation is represented by their son, Pete, and Cyrilla, a very young claw-cut Greenwich Village existentialist. The drama is meticulously underwritten—tea-tabled as Isherwood and Chalmers would say—in a way that suggests that Mr. Sykes has studied the best models, from E. M. Forster onwards; interest and sympathy are dispensed in all directions with quasi-divine impartiality. All this, and a symposium of ideas into the bargain, makes for a rather uncomfortable book, like an overstuffed pipe. But Mr. Sykes is well worth taking trouble with.

*Pictures From An Institution* is both simpler and more consciously sophisticated, an album of comic character sketches from Benton, an American college for women. Principal subjects include Gertrude Johnson, teacher of creative writing ("Her psychoanalyst had told Gertrude that finding so many foods nauseating was part of her whole pattern of rejection") and her predecessors, Manny Gumbiner, and the ageless Camille Turner Batterson. Rather more sympathetic treatment is given to Dr. Gottfried Rosenbaum, that most determinedly difficult of composers whose verdict on Henry Moore's sculptures is "Ve all look like dat, ven de Shtate hass videredt avay," and his maternal Frau. It is all very clever and some of it is funny; but, alas, the author himself is part of the joke—Mr. Jarrell ought really to be caricatured in his own gallery as a study of an American highbrow engaged in giving you a really classy intellectual entertainment. I may be slightly prejudiced by the sickening silly rave reviews from American papers on the back of the jacket. There is nothing like a transatlantic booksy blurbist.

On the home ground with our unpretentious English farcicals, we can relax in mental comfort. In *Ben Nevis Goes East* Compton Mackenzie's engagingly ludicrous laird, and his crony, Cameron of Kilwhillie, go to India to rescue Ben Nevis's half-witted son from an adventuress suspected of being a Eurasian. Of course they find she is much too good for him, and have to rescue her instead. The particular brand of euphoria which Mr. Mackenzie dispenses may not be very subtle; the blending is uneven, perhaps; but there is a curious artful artlessness that defies criticism. Apart from a rather too frenzied opening chapter which must be read indulgently, *Smuggler's Circuit*, about the adventures of a judge's marshal, might also have been written by Mr. Compton Mackenzie himself, after experience at the bar. A lot of it is really very funny indeed. The judge emerges as a real character, and there is a splendid

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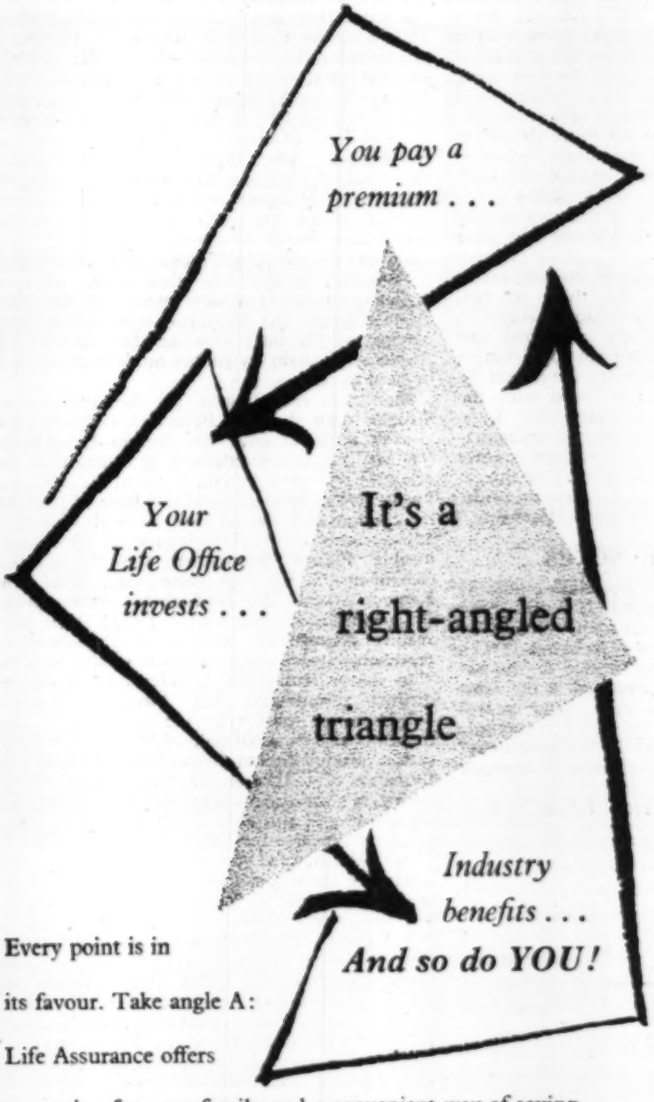


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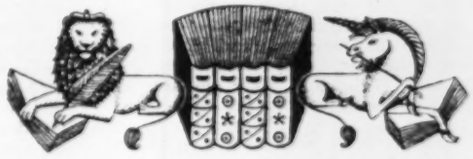

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take-off of police disregard of the judge's Rules when taking statements from witnesses. What with the smuggling uncle and the defamatory parrot, the farce gets a bit too broad here and there, but never mind. Funny novels are all too rare.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

## SPLENDOUR AND MISERY

**The British Soldier.** By COL. H. DE WATTEVILLE. *Dent.* 18*s.*

For the honest military historian the story of the British Army is a sad one. Until the great reforms of the last and present centuries its able commanders and successful campaigns have shone like unexpected diamonds in a muck-heap of brutality, inefficiency, technical incompetence and civilian neglect. The victories of Marlborough and Wellington were all the more astonishing for being won in the teeth of every obstacle from their own side, and only during the past seventy years have such men as Cardwell and Haldane done for our army what Louvois and Carnot did for the French and Scharnhorst and Von Moltke for the German: transforming it from a squalid sump of human debris into a highly efficient technical force which could be expanded into the Nation in Arms.

Colonel de Watteville, concentrating on the unreformed army from the Restoration to the Crimea, throws into relief the achievements of the reformers, which partly atones for his rather cursory treatment of developments since the Boer War. It is an erudite work, charmingly written, and a worthy, if unconscious, complement to Christopher Lloyd's *The Nation and the Navy*. Not unnaturally and not unfairly he emphasises that the inadequacies of the army, especially during the nineteenth century, can usually be traced to national policy. Financial stringency meant appalling conditions and inadequate prospects, which attracted none but the scum and the dregs of the community. The former neglected their duties, the latter sought escape from their grim surroundings in drink. Bad officers and drunkenness led to crime, crime to savage punishment, and the army became yet more abhorrent to the nation. It needed all the humanitarianism of the age, and the menacing example of Germany, to break this most vicious of circles.

The consoling factor in this depressing picture was of course the courage, endurance and good humour with which the best type of British soldier faced the misfortunes and discomforts to which he was condemned. But these are not, as Colonel de Watteville sometimes suggests, peculiarly British qualities: the *grognards* and the Good Soldier Schweik were not Englishmen; much the same characteristics are developed by good men of all nations when faced with the splendours and miseries of military life. It is, however, possible that the exceptional inadequacies of our military system have given greater scope for these qualities to develop; and this, if it be so, is a questionable cause for national pride.

MICHAEL HOWARD

## GRAMOPHONE NOTES

SOME time ago Nixa gave us Borodin's enjoyable First Symphony. His Second is even more taking, and comes in a magnificent version by Kletzki and the Philharmonia Orchestra (**C.), with recording that does full justice to the exquisitely coloured score. Composed at the same time as *Prince Igor*, the epic outer movements and lyrical Andante lead to a symphonic world which Liszt recognised as "entirely new." How strange that this once-popular Symphony should have dropped from London concert programmes! Here it is backed by Ippolitov-Ivanov's Technicolored *Caucasian Sketches*. Kletzki is prominent in the orchestral releases. He conducts Johanna Martzy in a model reading of the Brahms Violin Concerto (**C.), the first satisfactory one on LP, in that it combines complete freedom from affectation with robust mastery and glowing tone. On a third disc (**C.) this admirable conductor collects Mendelssohn's Incidental Music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; the unfamiliar pieces are "Ye spotted snakes"; an Intermezzo which describes in turn Hermia's agitation, the sleeping Titania, and the entrance of Bottom's troupe; the Bergomask; and the ravishing Finale. The fairy music is of Beechamesque delicacy, the Nocturne, with velvety horn playing, is for once slow enough, and in the *Rüpeltanz* Kletzki's vigorous humour stands him in good stead.

Monteux's recording of the Symphonie Fantastique with the San Francisco Orchestra has already achieved fame on 78s; an LP transfer (*H.M.V.) is less mettlesome in sound than the originals, or than Scherchen's recent disc (N.), but for controlled brilliance and vividness of phrasing the conduct and playing have no rivals. There is already one good performance of Bruckner's lovable Fourth Symphony, the "Romantic" (Klemperer, *V.). A new one, Paul van Kempen's with the Netherlands Philharmonic (*T.), unrolls more leisurely, taking three sides against Klemperer's two, even though—most reprehensibly—it omits a repeat of the Scherzo. The slower tempi, the broader conception, are distinct advantages; but Sibelius's Seventh Symphony on the fourth side is less good. The month brings its usual crop of Mozart piano concertos. Rudolf Serkin gives a very imposing performance of the heroic D minor, K466 (*Ph.); Ormandy's accompaniment, the familiar blend of sentiment and unsteady rhythm that has spoilt so many concerto records, nearly spoils this one. Denis Matthews's versions of K414 and 449, neither of them first-flight concertos, and of the magnificent K695 in B flat, last of the series, are sensitive, neatly turned, delicate—and in the last resort tame. The Philharmonia under Schwarz provide unassuming accompaniment (C.). K449 turns up again in a rather more resolute performance by Grete Scherzer; carefully studied playing by Karl Haas's London Baroque Ensemble is a particular pleasure here. The reverse is a successful transfer of Haydn's Concerto for Violin and Harpischord, soloists Jean Pougnet and Lionel Salter (P., *Mozart, **Haydn). Two Joerg Demus performances are far from tame; the great C major Concerto, K467, sounds too brash indeed, though his impetuous approach is better suited to the "Coronation" Concerto, K537 (N.). The two-piano concerto, K365, and the three-piano, K242, in Mozart's two-piano reduction, by Badura-Skoda and Reine Gianoli (N.), make agreeable light entertainment. Dennis Brain, a seductive artist, collects Mozart's four horn concertos on a pleasant disc (*C.) whose only fault is a slight plushiness of orchestral sound from the Philharmonia under Karajan.

Highly recommended is the Virtuosi di Roma's "Music of Vivaldi, Volume 2" (**B.), which contains the D minor viola d'amore concerto, P.288, the oboe version of No.9 in *Il Cimento*, and the concertos P.58 and 410—all of them first-rate Vivaldi, and all played with bewitching artistry. The ethereal tones of Renzo Sabatini's viola d'amore, whose sympathetic strings generate a golden halo round each note, are far more successfully captured than in his earlier recording of the same work (*D.). The concerto turns up for a third time in a disc which marks the début of some younger Roman virtuosi, I Musici, described by Toscanini as "twelve capable, twelve very capable lads of eighteen"; the other compositions here are P.86, 235, and Op.III, No. 9. Capable indeed, keen and alert, but rather monotonously reedy in tone (*C.). Yet another ensemble of this fashionable kind makes its bow on records, the Scarlatti Orchestra of Naples, who offer Alessandro Scarlatti's 5th Symphony and 3rd Con-


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certo, the lively overture to Paisiello's *La Scuffiara*, and—the gem of the disc—Cimarosa's entrancing concerto for two flutes (**C.).

Five members of the Virtuosi di Roma make up the Quintetto Boccherini, who present two Quintets, Op. 29, No. 1 in C minor, and Op. 60, No. 5 in G major: hauntingly beautiful, boldly conceived works that will heighten esteem for a composer whose sun-and-shadow imaginative range, in chamber music, was little less than Haydn's (**H.M.V.). Schubert's E flat Piano Trio, with Schneider, Horzowski and Casals, is an unqualified success, and perhaps the finest chamber playing recorded since the war (**Ph.). This comes from the 1952 Prades Festival. By comparison, the J. Fournier/Janigro/Badura-Skoda versions of the E flat and B flat Trios (*N.) lack concentration and intensity, though they offer sterling, warm-hearted playing. Nixa have also a useful coupling of Brahms's Horn and *Clarinet Trios, distinguished chiefly by Wlach's mellow phrasing of the clarinet part. The integral recording of Haydn's string quartets takes a big step forward with the six of Op. 76 (**N., 3 discs), the most rewarding of all Haydn's collections, played by the Schneider Quartet with that direct and ready response to the music which stands up so well to repetition. Niminy-piminy Haydn and Beethoven from the Italian Quartet (D.) are best avoided; their "Dissonanzen" is better (*D.), but not to be preferred to the steady, strong "Dissonanzen" and "Hunt" of the Kroll Quartet (**Allegro).

Pianists have been turning their attention to Beethoven and Schumann. The close of the Backhaus series of Beethoven piano sonatas (D.) brings an unexpectedly fine **Op. 110, a most moving performance, coupled with an *Op. 111 where chinks of daylight tend to dispel the soft light of paradise. Apart from some frostiness in the extreme treble, the recording is rich and full. Not so in Backhaus's ugly performances of Op. 7 and Op. 10, No. 3. Meanwhile, Decca have wasted no time on starting their second complete recording of the Sonatas, with Friedrich Gulda as interpreter: Op. 2, Nos. 1 and 2, are neat, ice-cold readings. Guiomar Novaes, on the other hand, in two of Beethoven's least characteristic sonatas, Op. 31, No. 2, and "Les Adieux," is too Schumannesque (V.). Dame Myra Hess gives us thoughtful readings of Op. 109 and 110 (H.M.V.), but the element of strong human will, so prominent in both sonatas, has been left out: these performances sound like meditations on the music. In a very attractive record, marked by scrupulous adherence to the text, Grant Johannesen collects the Bagatelles: he is happiest in the difficult numbers (N.).

I have been in hot water, in the past, for recommending too urgently Adelina de Lara's Schumann playing, despite the spattering of wrong notes, the sketchiness of difficult passages. Unrepentant, I would urge everyone who studies Schumann's music to listen to her *Carnaval* and *Faschingsschwank*, her *Etudes Symphoniques* and G minor Sonata (Apollo). Aged 82, Miss de Lara is Clara Schumann's only practising pupil, and her performances have a directness and spontaneity which carry instant conviction. By comparison, Badura-Skoda's *Carnaval* sounds laboured and affected (as well as being poorly recorded); it is coupled with an admirable *F sharp minor Sonata (N.). Fortunately, we can find Miss de Lara's qualities, backed by a firm technique, in Joerg Demus's performance of the ***Davidsbündlertänze*; unfortunately his pinning down of *Papillons*, on the same disc, is unaccountably heavy handed (N.).

Bellini's *Norma* is an opera I love so dearly that joy at having it on records (*C., 3 discs) outweighs some discontent with the result. This is a Scala performance, with Maria Callas as the heroine. True, she makes some horrid sounds; often she turns a sustained note into a trill on the note below, the pitch sometimes falters. Grant all this, and then surrender to an intense, poignant and majestic assumption, with many a passage (particularly downward runs) turned to perfection. Stignani is disappointing, after her Covent Garden Adalgisa: old-sounding, taking it in third gear. The tenor is Mario Filippeschi, with an heroic ring, but lacking in tenderness for his duet with Adalgisa. Rossi-Lemeni is an adequate Oroveso. "Casta Diva" is sung in F, and the big Norma/Adalgisa duet taken down a tone. What conquers is less any individual singing than the opera itself: tragedy on the classic scale, uniting Gluckian nobility of line, the most beautiful melodies imaginable, and subtly dramatic strokes of imagination (the violin figures tracing the supernatural portent after the "Guerra!" chorus, for a single instance). Serafin, who is to Italian opera what Heger is to German, conducts a noble performance, just occasionally too placid in tempo. Orchestra is splendid, chorus thrilling, and the recording admirable.

Gounod's *Faust*, trivial stuff most of it, is effective enough in the theatre, and even on the gramophone when Beecham is conducting. But a new H.M.V. performance (4 discs) is coarse-grained. Victoria de los Angeles, the best of three non-French principals, sounds ill at ease; Nicolai Gedda, in the title-role, sings monotonously, without inflexion; Christoff, going at his part with gusto and uninhibitedly bad French, makes a joke of the Devil. These singers, and Jean Borthayre, too (Valentine), have better voices than Beecham's soloists in the 1949 recording (on 3 LP discs in America); but for all Geori Boué's shrillness the earlier performance showed a refinement and style which Cluytens's cast is miles from achieving. The recording is often ill-balanced and edgy. Those who exclaim with Faust *Qu'importe, je le veux!* will find that most of the fourth disc is taken up with the Walpurgisnacht scene and ballet music: the only cut is of No. 12, Siébel's second song. Mr. Sackville West has asked me to express his regret for attributing to the wrong companies, last month, the Vox recording of Schubert's opera *Der häusliche Krieg*, and the Nixa recording of Haydn's Symphony No. 6, "Le Matin."

ANDREW PORTER

## Week-end Competitions

No. 1,286

**Set by Anthony Hyde**

Competitors are invited to exercise their ingenuity by composing, in the verse-form given by inverting the limerick (example below), *A Reply to Mr. Lear* from: An Old Person of Basing; An Old Man on Some Rocks; A Young Lady of Portugal; An Old Man with a Gong; An Old Man with a Beard; or The Akond of Swat. Entries by October 26.

*Example:*

A dragon breathed fire through his gorge,
And was heard to remark,
"I hope it grows dark,
For I wish to resemble a forge
If visited here by St. George!"

## RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,283

**Set by C. L. Drummond**

The contractors' bulldozer will shortly move in on the Roman temple of Mithras recently excavated in Walbrook, so that a 14-storey office building may rise on the spot. Competitors are invited to submit a 4-line epigram on the subject.

**Report by C. L. Drummond**

Mithras, Midas, Mammon . . . bull, bulldozer, bulls and bears. . . . How happy each contributor must have felt when these associations struck him in his moment of inspiration; how innocent of the horrid truth that they were also striking each one of his fellow competitors! Picking the winners turned out to be largely a matter of deciding who had made the best use of these tropes. The attitudes taken were, also, much the same for all contributors, Stanley Sharpless being almost the only one to think little of Mithras. J. P. Mullarky did indeed pose a blunt question, entitled "Mithras? Who's He?"

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Here, where the legionary slept at church parade,
Dreaming of Heaven and Lalage, all roses,
Big Business buries all that Mithras made,
And the bull dozes.

ROBERT MURRAY*

Where pious Romans were filled up
With tales of Mithras and his glories,
Mammon now gets a nice build up
In several much taller storeys.

P. M.*

Cover the Roman Temple in,
Mithras-worshipping was sin;
Christian lifts will shortly slam on
Fourteen storeys preaching Mammon.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER*

Betwixt the cloaks and the canteen
Is where the temple would have been.
Sir Gorgius Midas could not spare
The time and space to leave it there.

R. J. P. HEWISON*

### INVICTUS

The Sun God lay so long with speechless lips
They thought him dead, and broke his tomb divine,
But he, awakening from his long eclipse,
Transformed their mundane building to a shrine.

E. LEACH

On, bulldozers, to your task,
While the antiquarians fuss;
Cloud-gloomed Britain well may ask
What's the sun-god done for us?

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS*

Big Business claims this ancient temple's site
Where Romans worshipped Mithras, God of Light:
Our age puts out the faintly glowing spark,
For money-making's easier in the dark.

(N.B.—See *Heartbreak House*, Act. 1. SHOTOVER: Give me deeper darkness. Money is not made in the light.)

ALLAN M. LAING

The Church Triumphant rests on battles won
Over Mithraic cults of blood and stone;
While Christendom reveals its pagan id,
Touched to the tune of half a million quid.

LAKON

Erstwhile he slaughtered bulls that dozed on sight:
But move his sanctum—and the God of Light,
The fearsome lord of nuclear conflagration,
Might blow to bits *the* statesman and the nation!

R. PAVRY

Christ drove the money-changers out;
But their successors, stung, no doubt,
By His opprobrious decision,
Reserve a basement for Religion.

W. P. B.*

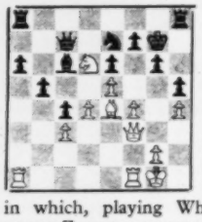
Reduced to rubble Mithras' shrine departs,
" Sic transit gloria "—on builders' carts:
A thousand ages ere 'tis necessary
To cry, " The glory that was Bucklersbury!"

J. E. TERRY

## CHESS: Panno and Circenses

No. 263

The circenses, of course, refer to Najdorf who invariably provides some fun at every tournament he enters. "Am I not a genius?" has almost come to be his war-cry; he certainly is, but in the South American Zone Tournament (for the World Championship) he was merely runner-up to Panno who went through 21 gruelling rounds without a loss. He won the " Youth World Championship " last year and he still is in his 'teens, one of that amazing and steadily increasing group of up and coming youngsters—a group in which this country, too, even apart from that old veteran J. Penrose, can claim a growing share. Here, to show young Panno's lively style and courage, is a position in which, playing White against Maderna in the recent Zone tournament, he had already given up a P in the opening of a Slav Defence. Now he proceeds to sacrifice another P or two as well as a Kt.



| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| (25) | P-B5 ! | KP x P | (32) R-B6 | Kt-B4 |
| (26) | P-Q5 ! | B x P | (33) Q-Kt5 | Q-K1 |
| (27) | B x B | Q-B4 ch | (34) P-K6 ! | P x P |
| (28) | K-R1 | Q x B | (35) R-Q7 ch ! | Kt-Kt2 |
| (29) | Q-Kt3 | K-R2 | (36) R(6)-B7 | R-KKt1 |
| (30) | QR-Q1 | Q-K3 | (37) Q-B6 | Q x QR |
| (31) | Kt-K4 ! | P x Kt | (38) R x Q | QR-KB1? |

This, of course, loses another piece, and Black inevitably lost the ending.

Here, to give the runner-up his due, is a very interesting game won by Najdorf against Shocron. Whoever has studied his Nimzowitch will be delighted by the effective manner in which Najdorf establishes and exploits his *Vorposten*.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| (19) | R-Q4 ! | R-B2 | | |
| (20) | QR-Q1 | R(2)-Q2 | | |
| (21) | Kt-K4 ! | Q-B2 | | |
| (22) | Kt-Q6 ! | Kt-Kt2 | | |
| (23) | Kt x P ! ! | R x R | | |
| (24) | P x R | K x Kt | | |
| (25) | Q-R5 ch | K-Kt1 | | |
| (26) | B-Q3 | P-Kt3 | | |
| (27) | B x P ! | B-B1 ! | | |
| (28) | B-Q3 | Q-KB2 | (34) P x P | Kt x P |
| (29) | Q-K2 | R-Q2 | (35) Q-Kt4 ch | K-R1 |
| (30) | P-B5 | Kt-Q1 | (36) Q x Kt | B-K6 ch |
| (31) | R-KB1 | Q-K1 | (37) K-Kt2 | R-KB2 |
| (32) | R-B4 | B-R3 | (38) Q-Kt6 ! | R-B7 ch |
| (33) | R-R4 | Q-B1 | (39) K-R3 | resigns |

Of course, Black could not afford to play (27) .. P x B, on account of (28) Q x P ch, K-B1 (29) P-B5 ! followed by R-KB1 etc.

**A:** Najdorf 1942

The 4-pointer for beginners is a position White achieved in a simultaneous performance. Najdorf gave up his Q for a speedy mating attack. How? **B**—White to win—is an instructive ending, none too difficult for 6 ladder points; but **C**—also a win for White—may be none too easy for 7 points, even if I add the hint that White must beware of some obvious temptations.

**B:** Dr. Leick 1939

**C:** M. Liburkin

Usual prizes. Entries by October 25.

## REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 260. Set September 25

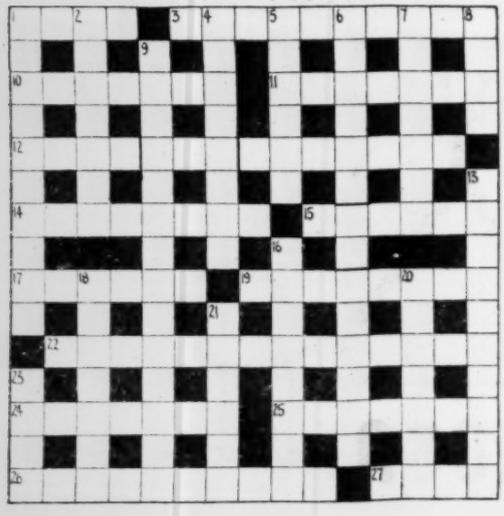
A: (1) P-Q4, K-B1. (2) K-K7, P-Q4! (3) K-K6, K-Q1. (4 K x P, K-Q2 and Black maintains the opposition.
B: (1) B-K3 ch, K-Kt1. (2) P-B5, P-K3. (3) P-B6! B any. (4) P-B7 ch etc.
(3) P x P would only draw.
C: (1) K-Kt6, Kt-Kt2. (2) Kt-B7, K-B1. (3) B-R7, K-Kt1.) (4) B-B5! K-R1. (5) B-Q3, K-Kt1. (6) B-R6 etc.
if (4) B-K4? Black can draw by Kt-Q3!

This was not as easy as it looked, and a good many competitors dropped a point or two over one piece or another. Prizes shared by E. Allan, E. W. Carmichael, G. S. Fisher, M. Kaye, R. Russell.

ASSIAC

## Week-end Crossword No. 122

*Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 122, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Oct. 26.*



### ACROSS

1. Share stocking (4).
3. A lot of food distorts a calf's mouth (10).
10. Bitterness of a corporal in a play (7).
11. English society following a cricket team or a crossword adept (7).
12. Mixed classes read old writings (4, 3, 7).
14. Ladies' clothes remain long after that is cut off (8).
15. Join up, and put me in to make one of the troops (6).
17. The struggle in the night caught us sleeping (6).
19. Charles is a ridiculous creature with a wooded tail (8).
22. Its neighbour has a hundred for north (14).
24. These magistrates are shrewd concerning society (7).
25. Ugly sight with which the English apparently confirm the existence of a mineral deposit (7).
26. Peace-maker for the continent (10).
27. To make an Eastern agreement perception is needed (4).

### DOWN

1. Reformed adult tries to make grasshopper noises (10).
2. Include the Old and New Testament in one biblical character (7).
4. Tortoise with one leg beneath foreign soil (8).
5. Here I take precedence over team and company (6).
6. Where to find flowers, but not rare ones (6, 2, 6).
7. Petted, although mounting age puts a barrier between the loving (7).
8. What is used to make boots for the final (4).
9. Aircraft for the stars (14).
13. Lonely for ever at the end of the day (10).
16. The meekest express doubt over the glorified (8).
18. Heads to be forfeited? (7).
20. Speech is golden with a politician (7).
21. Soldier surrounds us in a crazy uprising (6).
23. Tripartite country (4).

SET-SQUARE

*Solution to No. 120*

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PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 120

*A. W. Davis (Leicester), Joan Young (London, W.13), Rhoda Elliott (Stroud).*

## ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

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HIGH-class Guest House, 10 mins. Marble Arch. Bed & bkfst. from £3. MAI. 1930.

BED-sitting room offered at low rent in return sitting in and minimum light help. North-West area. Box 1561.

WIMBLEDON Common. Sunny self-cont., recently decorated, part-furn. flat to let, 4 rms., kit. & bath. 'Phone. Close bus & shops. Avail. November. 5½*gns.* 'Phone WIM. 0568, preferably evenings.

FURN. flat, top floor E. Highgate hse. Two rooms, kit. & bathroom. Not suitable children. £3 10*s.* p.w. Box 1420.

ONE-roomed flatlet (3rd floor), near Westbourne Grove. Well-furn. Dunlopillo divan, sink Ascot, light ckg. facils. Own meters. Lady only. £2 p.w. Box 1604.

RM., cloakrm., heat, light, lin. No ckg. facs. £1 for babysitting. HAM. 0214.

WEST Hampstead. Single/double divan-room. Kitchen. MAI. 6401/8982.

HIGHGATE (nr.). Beaut. furn. flatlet; large bed-sit., sep. kit. & bathrm. Use 'frig. 72*s.* 6*d.* week. MOU. 5196 after 6.

BED-sitting room in ideal modern block overlooking Kenwood. Ch., lift. No restrictions. Box 1639.

QUIET self-contained well-furnished 2-room flat, bath ground floor, with possibly 1 ditto room above. Telephone. Suit writer, average 3*gns.* room. Box 1393.

SUNNY, large, attract. divan-sitter to let, suit as studio-living room; 3 windows facing garden. All elect., own basin, h. & c. For 1/2 friends. Shoot-up Hill. GLA. 3554.

FURNISHED bed-sit. St. John's Wood. Telephone in room. Use kitchenette and bathroom. 35*s.* plus easy non-domestic home obligations, alternate Sundays and one week-day evening. Must like dogs. Box 1659.

BED-SIT. rm., block flats (Jewish House). With/without breakfast. GLA. 7095.

ST. John's Wood. Large, furnished double bed-sitting room. Good view. Basin, c.h.w. Cooking facilities. PRI. 4485.

SUIT Author/Journalist, furn. house all mod. cons., ½ mile from Great Missenden Station, garage, beautiful views over Chilterns, acre garden, to let Nov. to April. Box 1641.

SMALL cottage Chiltern Hills avail. short let. All mod. cons. Box 1499.

LARGE Studio flat (unfurn.), k. & b., off Oxford St., rent £2, in exchange for flat, 2-3 rooms. Central. Max. £4. Box 1595.

CULTURED lady (music student) seeks lodgings in family or share flat, around Kensington. Box 1338.

WANTED: 4-room furn. flat with adequate heat, for couple, in W.1, W.2, E.C.1, E.C.2, S.W.3 or nearby. Box 1295.

## WHERE TO STAY

IDEAL for late Autumn holidays, "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263), offers good food, comfortable bedrooms with H. & C. & gas/elec. fires; cosy evenings round the fire.

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CHRISTMAS. Old Norton House at Rottingdean—the famous seaside village next to Brighton—will be open again after redecorations. Central Heating everywhere, and an informal Christmas Party. From 2*gns.* per day and 10 to 13*gns.* the week.

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BUNG., N. Wales, own grnds. nr. m. rd. Lovely centre fishing/mntns., 6 mls. sea. Fhld. 2 b., bth., garage. £1,050. Box 1417.

## SCHOOLS

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome enquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children. Vacancies available for day pupils and two boarders.

WELL-BALANCED preparation for the great School of Mankind—Life itself—is the aim of The New School, Kings Langley, Herts. While avoiding early specialisation the method (based on Rudolf Steiner principles) seeks to unfold individual faculties and gifts and to develop truly social impulses. Boys and girls, 6 to 18, received as day children or boarders at moderate fees. Number of vacancies now due to recent extensions.

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ST. Nicholas School, 39 Albyn Place, Aberdeen, for boys and girls of 4 to 14. Day pupils and weekly boarders. Directors: John R. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Mackie.

FORTIS Green Nursery & Kindergarten, 68 Fortis Green, N.2. Tudor 1266. Vacs. 1-5 yrs. 9.30 a.m.-3.30 p.m. Extended hrs. service 8.30 a.m.-5.30 p.m. Apply Matron.

## BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

DULLES' visit to the Far East spelt danger. Read R. Page Arnot's article "Taiwan and Manila" in the October Labour Monthly, on the 5th Anniversary of the Chinese People's Republic. Order 1*s.* 6*d.* all agents, or 2 NS, 134 Ballard's Lane, London, N.3.

MITHRAS and all that. To learn how the archæologist works read Sir Mortimer Wheeler's fascinating "Archæology from the Earth," 25*s.* net from booksellers.

"NATURE Cure from the Inside," by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 8*s.* from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

"YOGA and Christianity."—Paper by Edward Hain, M.A., sent on receipt of 1*s.* 3*d.* in stamps. Apply the Y.P.S. School, 2 Cadogan Gardens, London, S.W.3.

"EASTERN World." British monthly on Asia. Now available on bookstalls, 2*s.* or from 45 Dorset St., London, W.1.

RESEARCH Communications: 5th issue, incl. "Mental Metabolism," by J. N. Glaister. Details from Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

WHAT are you reading? Join The Postal Library of Psychology, 48 Ring Road, Crossgates, Leeds, for interesting psychological works. Why not write for details?

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GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

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BOOKS. 2nd-hand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, 47 Bank St., Glasgow.

GERMAN literature bought & sold. Continental Book Supply, 24 Whitechurch Lane, E.1—by appntmnt. only—MOU. 1482.

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## ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 5973. Tues.-Fri. 7.45, Sat. 5.30 & 8.30. "The Cruel Daughters," Balzac.

ARTS (TEM. 3334), 7.30 (ex. Mon.) St. Sun. 5.0 & 8.0. "Saint Joan." Mems.

UNITY Theatre (Eus. 5391).—"Dockers' Tanner." Fris., Sats., Suns. 7.30. Mems. 2s. 6d. a year.

IRVING Th., Leics. Sq. WHI. 8657. Ntly. ex. Mon., 10.30, Sun. 9.30 "Late Night Party." Mems. 10s. yr. incls. Guest Ticket.

JEDERMANN (v. Hofmannsthal). Perf. in German by the Stuttgart Drama Group, Tues., Oct. 19, 8 p.m., in Indian Students' Union, 41 Fitzroy Sq., W.1. Seats: reserved 2s. 6d. from German Welfare Council, 25 Villiers St., W.C.2, or 1s. at door.

STOLL, HOL. 3703. Com. Oct. 20 at 8. W. & S. 2.30. Ingrid Bergman in Honegger's opera "Joan of Arc." Full Symphony Orchestra. Cast of 100. Directed Rossellini.

EMPRESS Hall. Sat., Nov. 6, 7 p.m. Celebration: Opening of British-Soviet Month, November, 1954; 37th Anniversary of the U.S.S.R. H.E. the Soviet Ambassador, M. Malik, speaks. Soviet guests include Khachaturian, composer; Leonov, writer; Mme. Novikova, chairman of the Consumer Goods Workers Trade Union. Soviet singers and dancers will perform. Medvedev's Estrada Orchestra. Tkts. 2s., 3s., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d. from British Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. Cash and s.a.e. with order, 10% discount on block bookings of 10 plus.

ANNUAL International Dance Festival, Royal Albert Hall, Oct. 23, at 7.30 p.m. Over 400 dancers & musicians from 20 countries. Seats 15s., 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s 6d. Book now fr. United Nations Student Assn., 25 Charles Street, London, W.1. GRO. 2784.

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Maxim Gorki Trilogy. Until Oct. 17: Part 1. "The Childhood of Maxim Gorki" (A). From Oct. 18: Part 2. "My Apprenticeship" (Out in the World) (U).

NATIONAL Film Theatre. South Bank. War. 3232. Sat., Oct. 16. Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra in "Everybody's Cheering" (U). 2.0, 4.0, 6.0, 8.0. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Pal. ADV. 3520. Sun., Oct. 17, 7.30. "Clochemerle" (Cert. X) France.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Road, E.2. Programmes of Art Films for Adults. Sundays 2 & 3.30 p.m., Oct. 17 and 24. Admission free. Oct. 17: "Lascaux, Cradle of Man's Art." "The Seventh Age." "Grandma Moses." (1281.)

ASIAN Film Society presents "Rahi" in English, an Indian film based on Dr. Mulk Raj Anand's famous novel, "Two Leaves and a Bud," depicting the life of the people on a tea plantation in Assam. Producer-director K. A. Abbas who will introduce the film Sun., Oct. 24, at 6.30, at Scala Theatre. Mems. & their guests only. Ann. membsh. 10s. or 5-erly. 5s. Apply A.F.S., 11 Greek St., W.1.

LA Cage D'Or, Licensed Club. Dances Saturday, Sunday. Mems. £1 1s. p.a. 137 Finchley Rd., Swiss Cottage, N.W.3.

ICA. Dancing to the Dave Stevens Trio, Sat., October 16, 8-11 p.m. at Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Mems. 3s. Guests 5s. Membership invited.

## CONCERTS

ST. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield. October 19 and 21, 6.30. London Bach Society presents Two Recitals Bach's Chamber Music by Basil Lam Sonata Ensemble. Sonatas for flute, violin, 'cello with harpsichord, 3 trio sonatas. Adm. by programme 2s. Ibbs & Tillett and at church door.

BRAHMS—Quartet in C minor, Op. 60; Trio in C, Op. 87; Quartet in A, Op. 26. Robert Masters Quartet. Royal Festival Hall Recital Rm. Sat., Oct. 16, 8.15. WAT. 3191.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sun., Oct. 17, at 3 p.m. Hungarian String Quartet. Quartet in G, Op. 77 No. 1. Haydn; Quartet in F, Op. 135, Beethoven; Death & the Maiden Quartet, Schubert. WATerloo 3191.

HORNIMAN Museum and Library, London Road, Forest Hill, S.E.23. Free Concerts on Wednesday evenings 7.45 p.m. October 20: Folk Songs of many Lands, Engel Lund and Ferdinand Rauter. October 27: West African Folk Tales, Children's Games, Drumming and Dancing. Seats may be reserved on application to the Curator.

BRAHMS. London Symphony Orchestra cond. Anthony Collins at Royal Festival Hall. Sunday, Oct. 17, at 7.30: Academic Festival Overture, Violin Concerto (Wolfgang Schneiderhan), Symphony No. 1. Tuesday, Oct. 19, at 8: Tragic Overture, Piano Concerto No. 2 (Leon Fleisher), Symphony No. 2. Friday, Oct. 22, at 8: Haydn Variations, Piano Concerto No. 1 (Richard Farrell), Symphony No. 4. Tickets 3s. 6d. to 15s. WAT. 3191 & Agents.

ICA., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Concert for voice and percussion given by Monica Sinclair, mezzo soprano, Gilbert Webster, timpanist, James Blades, percussion. Programme includes Cantata No. 2, Richard Rodney Bennett, The Song of Akhenaten, Anthony Milner, Sonata for Three, Timpani, Daniel Jones, The Akoud of Swat, Roberto Gerhard. Tuesday, Oct. 19, 8.15. Members free, guests 5s. Membership invited.

## CONCERTS—continued

DVORAK Jubilee Concert.—Commemorating a Great Musician and a Great Humanist. St. Pancras Town Hall, Sun., Oct. 17, 7.30. Works by Dvorak and Janacek. Artistes: Anne Wood, Leonard Cassini, Suzanne Rozsa, Paul Hamburger, Mary and Geraldine Peppin, W.M.A. Singers. Tkts. 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., from B.C.F.L., 20 Pont Street, S.W.1.

THE Polish Cultural Institute presents a Chopin Commemoration Concert, Wigmore Hall, W.1, Sunday, October 17, at 3 p.m. Anne Wood Contralto, Martin Lawrence Baritone, Robin Wood Solo Piano. Prog. includes Songs Op. 74 and B Minor Piano Sonata. Tickets 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., from Hall. WEL. 2141.

RECITAL by the eminent young Ceylonese artists, Rohan De Saram ('cello), Malinee Peris (piano). Tues., Oct. 26, 8 p.m. Tkts. from AMB. 2358.

## EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Turnstile Print, Piero della Francesca's The Nativity, published £2 5s. plus tax 10s. 8d., also Ganymed Small Print Utrillo's Rue de Village, 10s. 6d. plus tax 2s. 6d. From all good printsellers.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. First London Exhibitions: Pinchus Kremegne; Bryan Kneale. Hours 10-6. Sats. 10-1. Closes November 6.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. Members have received list of special Views, Parties, and visits to Private Collections arranged for October and November. Anyone wishing to join should apply C.A.S., Tate Gallery, S.W.1. Membership one guinea.

TOPOLSKI'S Chronicle, the contemporary broadsheet showing with XVIIIth & XIXth century predecessors. Hungerford Bridge Arch, opposite Festival Hall. Tuesdays & Saturdays 3-6. Thursdays 6-9.

ABBE Breuil. Exhibition of drawings of Palaeolithic cave art. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Nov. 13. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free. (Closed Mon., Nov. 8.)

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W.1. Collages & Paintings by J. D. H. Catleugh and James Hull; Watercolours by Redvers Taylor.

ICA. Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. Collages Exhibition. Arranged by Lawrence Alloway. Mon.-Sat. 10.30-6 p.m. Closed Suns. Adm. 1s., members free.

ARCHER Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. Paintings by Rodney Gladwell. Till Oct. 23. Tues.-Sat. 10-5, Sunday 2-5. Closed Mondays.

EDGARD Tytgat, paintings. First Exhibition in England. Arcade Gallery, 28 Old Bond St. 10-5. Sat. 10-1.

AN Exhibition of Photography by Jane Bown of the "Observer" will be held from October 18 to 30 in the "Modern Interiors" on the third floor at Woollands of Knightsbridge, S.W.1.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Square. Mary Potter, Brooke Farrar Paintings. Ronald Searle Drawings. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Until Oct. 21.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Will Roberts, Bernard Dunstan, W. Barns-Graham. Closing Oct. 23.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30, Bruton St., W.1. Recent paintings by Ben Nicholson. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Fenosa Sculptures, Paul Klee Water Colours. Until October 22.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Sq., W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

FREE Painters' Group from the I.C.A. 2nd Annual Exhibition at Walker's Galleries, 118 New Bond St., W.1.

SUSSEX Crafts Exhibition of Pottery, Basketware, Handwoven Fabrics, etc. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Europeans seen through Native Eyes. Sculptures from Africa, Asia & America.

## EXHIBITIONS—continued

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State and Private Apartments with period furniture, 8 rooms fully furnished. New restorations and exhibits. Daily 10-5, including Sundays.

CEZANNE. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till October 27. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6. Tues., Thurs. 10-8, Suns. 2-6. Admission 1s.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: British Painting & Sculpture, 1954. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. First Exhibitions of Paintings by Roderic Barrett. John Bratby, 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1. Last week.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18, Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters—Boudin, Corot, Degas, Picasso, Renoir, etc. Until Nov. 20. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30.

ZWEMMER Gallery, Ed. Bawden, Carel Weight, John O'Connor. Oct. 20-Nov. 11. 10-6 inc. Sats. 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"FOCUS on World Affairs." Prof. Kathleen Lonsdale, F.R.S. (just back from Australasian tour). Chairman: Dr. Rita Hinden. Wednesday, Oct. 20, 7 p.m. Kings Weigh House Church Hall, Duke St., W.1. Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Admission free.

THE Business and Professional Forum. The Rt. Hon. Lord Silkin will speak on "Your Rights under the Landlord and Tenant Act," on Thursday, October 21, Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1, at 7.45 p.m. Visitors 3s. 6d.

FAWCETT Society. Miss M. D. Clarke, Headmistress of an Interim Comprehensive School, on "The Comprehensive School." Alliance Hall, Palmer Street, Westminster, Friday, October 15, 7 p.m.

ICA., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Sunday, October 17, 7.30 p.m. Rehearsed readings of "The Apollo of Bellac" by Jean Giraudoux, produced by Tony Richardson, and "The Sea and the Mirror" by W. H. Auden, produced by David William; the cast includes Diane Cilento, Robin Bailey, Raf de la Torre. Oct. 21, 8.15, Discussion: "The Importance of Colleges." Speakers, E. L. T. Mesens, Roland Penrose, Toni del Renzio. Chair: Robert Melville. Mems. 2s., Guests 3s. Oct. 22, 8.15. Jazz. 3rd in the series of illus lectures on the Outlines of Jazz: "Chestnut Street in the 90's—Ragtime and its Great Era," by Robert Melville. Chair: Alexis Korner. Members 2s. 6d., guests 3s 6d. Membership invited.

MUSICIANS to Moscow. Mr. Evan Senior (Editor of "Music and Musicians") on his recent visit to the U.S.S.R. with the group of musicians who were filmed for television. At S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8, Mon. Oct. 18, at 7.30. Adm. 1s. 6d. (Mems. & students 1s.).

H. J. Blackham: "What Can Philosophy Do for Us?" The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sunday, Oct. 17, at 7 p.m.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture Sundays, 8 p.m. October 17: "Universes Come and Go."

YOGA. Talks on its Theory and Practice. Tuesdays 6.30, Caxton Hall. Subject for Oct. 19: "Latent Powers in the Mind." Arranged by Shanti Sadan. Admission free. Lectures on Yoga also every Wed. and Fri., 8, at 29 Chepstow Villas, W.11.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Public Lecture 6.30, Wed., Oct. 20. "Karma": Mr. Christmas Humphreys.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., Oct. 17. Dr. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D. "The Cult of Mithras." Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

LONDON Natural Health Society: Second Grand Meeting, Mon., Oct. 25, 7.29 p.m. Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Stanley Lief on "The Basic Factor in Health." Free.

SCHOPENHAUER Society. Caxton Hall, 7.45 p.m. Thursday, Oct. 21: "Schopenhauer and Plato." Admission free.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

"NEW China—the First Five Years." 3 Lectures: Wed., Oct. 27, Peter Townsend, "The Peasant in China." Wed., Nov. 10, Mrs. Hetta Empson, "Women & the Family in China." Wed., Nov. 24, Miss Betty England, "Industry & the Economic Pattern." Wed., Dec. 8, Brains Trust: "The Role of China in the Far East." Sir John Pratt, Mr. John Chinnery, Mr. Derek Bryan. Chairman: Dr. Horace Joules. All at Friends House, Euston Rd., at 7.30 p.m. Admission 1s. Tickets available from the Britain-China Friendship Assoc., 228 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. TERminus 2522.

MARRIED Women's Association, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.1. Debate on: "Equal Marriage Partnership and Married Women's Property Act" at Caxton Hall on October 22 at 7.30 p.m. Speakers: Dr. Edith Summerskill, P.C., M.P., Mrs. T. Billington Greig, Mr. Ian Payne, Mr. F. L. Sturge. Chair: Miss Vera Brittain. Adm. 2s. 6d.

PUSHKIN Club, Academy House, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W.11 Friday, Oct. 15, 8 p.m. J. Isserlis, Evening of Russian Music (Scriabine, Rachmaninoff, Medtner, Kabalevsky); Oct. 22, 8 p.m. Miss M. Chamot (Tate Gallery), Russian Ikons (with slides).

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Oct. 19: Archibald Robertson, M.A., "The Art of Invective." Adm. free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m. To-night, Friday, Oct. 15: "The Visit of the Labour Party Delegation to China." Speaker to be announced at the meeting. Friday, Oct. 22: Dr. Weissmann, "The Significance of Adlerian Psychology in Everyday Life." Admission free.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public lecture, 8.15, Fri. Oct. 22, Mr. John Pinder: "United Nations' Charter Revision." 62 Queen's Gardens, Bayswater.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. October 23 at 6 p.m. Mlle. R. Sales. "Amsterdam puis Paris—Vacances idéales."

PACIFIST Universalist Service, 3.30 p.m., Sunday, Oct. 17. Studio, 29 Addison Avenue, W.11 (Nr. Holland Prk. Stn.). Discourse: Rev. E. F. Carpenter, M.A., Ph.D., "A Reason for the Faith that is in us."

"SCIENTIFIC Research in Poland." Impressions by Professor L. Rosenfeld. In the chair, Professor H. Levy. Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Pl., W.1. Fri., Oct. 22, 8 p.m. Adm. free.

SOME Aspects of Woman-Man Relationship: Dr. Walter Bier, Tues., Oct. 19, 7.30. Youth Hse., 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1.

SOCIETY of Labour Lawyers—Monday, October 18, 6.30 p.m., in the Niblett Hall, Inner Temple, E.C.4. Peter Benenson, recently returned from Spain, will speak on "Spanish Justice." Friends welcome.

RADICAL Reform Group Conference. Dingle Foot, Q.C., A. P. Marshall, Q.C., 2.30, Saturday, October 16. Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1.

"HYPHEN." Mr. John Stevens: "The Origin and Development of Parliamentary Government in England." Oct. 17, 7.45, Zion Hse., 57 Eton Av., N.W.3. 1s. 6d.

PERSONALIST Group: Discussion Social. Symposium: "A Personalist View of Human Relations in Industry." 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2. Wed., Oct. 20, at 7.30 p.m.

SOVIET Medicine. Dr. C. H. C. Toussaint, Mr. A. W. L. Kessel, Dr. F. A. Elliott, Dr. A. Comfort, and others, at the Royal College of Surgeons, on Fri., October 22, at 8 p.m. Dr. H. Joules in Chair. Adm. free.

ABBE Breuil. A lecture in French on Palæolithic Cave Art. The Wigmore Hall, Thursday, October 28, at 5 p.m. Admission 2s. 6d. Tickets from Arts Council, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1, or the Wigmore Hall, 36 Wigmore Street, W.1.

## LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of 3 lectures on "Continental Feudalism in the XIth & XIIth Centuries" will be given by Professor F. L. Ganshof (Ghent) at 5.30 p.m. on Oct. 25, 26 & 28 at Univ. of London, Senate House, W.C.1. Adm. free, without tckt.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of 3 lectures will be given by Prof. H. Vogt (Oslo) at 5.30 p.m. on Oct. 20, 22 & 25 at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. Oct. 20 & 22: "Structuralism & Comparativism in Modern Linguistic Research"; Oct. 25: "Basque & Caucasian." Free without tkt.

"COMMUNISM: Its Strength and Its Weakness"—a course of seven lectures by authoritative speakers on Mondays at Fred Tallant Hall, 141 Drummond Street (Warren Street Station). Lecture 1: "The Moral Appeal," by R. N. Carew Hunt, M.A., author of "The Theory and Practice of Communism"; 7.30 p.m., October 18. 1s. 6d. (course ticket 7s. 6d.).

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## LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

SOCIALISM, Power and World Relations. Fabian Autumn Lects., Livingstone Hall, Westminster, fr. Oct. 26. Sir Richard Acland, P. M. S. Blackett, J. Bronowski, R. H. S. Crossman, Patrick Gordon-Walker, Christopher Mayhew, Hugh Seton-Watson, Francis Williams. Dets.: 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Nov. 12, "The Science of Social Progress"; Nov. 19, "Music & Poetry" and "Design & Style in the House." Send card for details.

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LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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LONDON County Council. Post of Special Responsibility. Deputy Headmaster. Woodberry Down School, Stoke Newington, N.4. Headmistress, Mrs. H. R. Chetwynd, B.A. A new secondary school for about 1,250 boys and girls to be opened in September, 1955. Applications invited from qualified teachers for appointment to Council's service as deputy headmaster to take up duty for preliminary planning at Easter, 1955. Burnham (London) scale salary with special allowance of £250 a year. The school will serve the Woodberry Down housing estate and the neighbouring residential area. A secondary school providing a five-year course is being transferred to the new school. Courses of various kinds and lengths will be provided, including some leading to the G.C.E. (ordinary, advanced and scholarship levels) and some preparing for advanced courses in commerce, engineering and needlecraft. Applicants must have good qualifications, organising ability and a variety of teaching experience and should be interested in the whole field of secondary education. Application form EO/TS10 (Woodberry Down) to be obtained from and returned to the Education Officer (EO/TS10), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, by October 22. (1316.)

CAMBRIDGESHIRE Education Committee, The Village College, Bottisham. Applications are invited for the post of Warden of the Village College, Bottisham, vacant through the appointment of the present occupant to the Headship of Willenhall Comprehensive School, Staffordshire. Applicants must be Graduates, preferably in Honours, of a British University. The Village College is built on a site of 38 acres and is designed to serve as a Community Centre for the education, recreation and social life of a group of 17 villages. It contains a Secondary Modern School for 330 boys and girls and accommodation reserved for use by young people and adults. The salary will be in accordance with the Burnham Scale (Group IV) with an Additional Payment of £200 a year (recognised for superannuation by the Ministry of Education) for the supervision of Further Education. The Warden is assisted by a full-time organising Tutor for Adult Education and there is a house-keeper and a Secretary. A house is provided for the Warden. Forms of application (with a full statement of particulars) can be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, Shire Hall, Cambridge, to whom they should be returned by Monday, October 25, 1954.

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## PERSONAL

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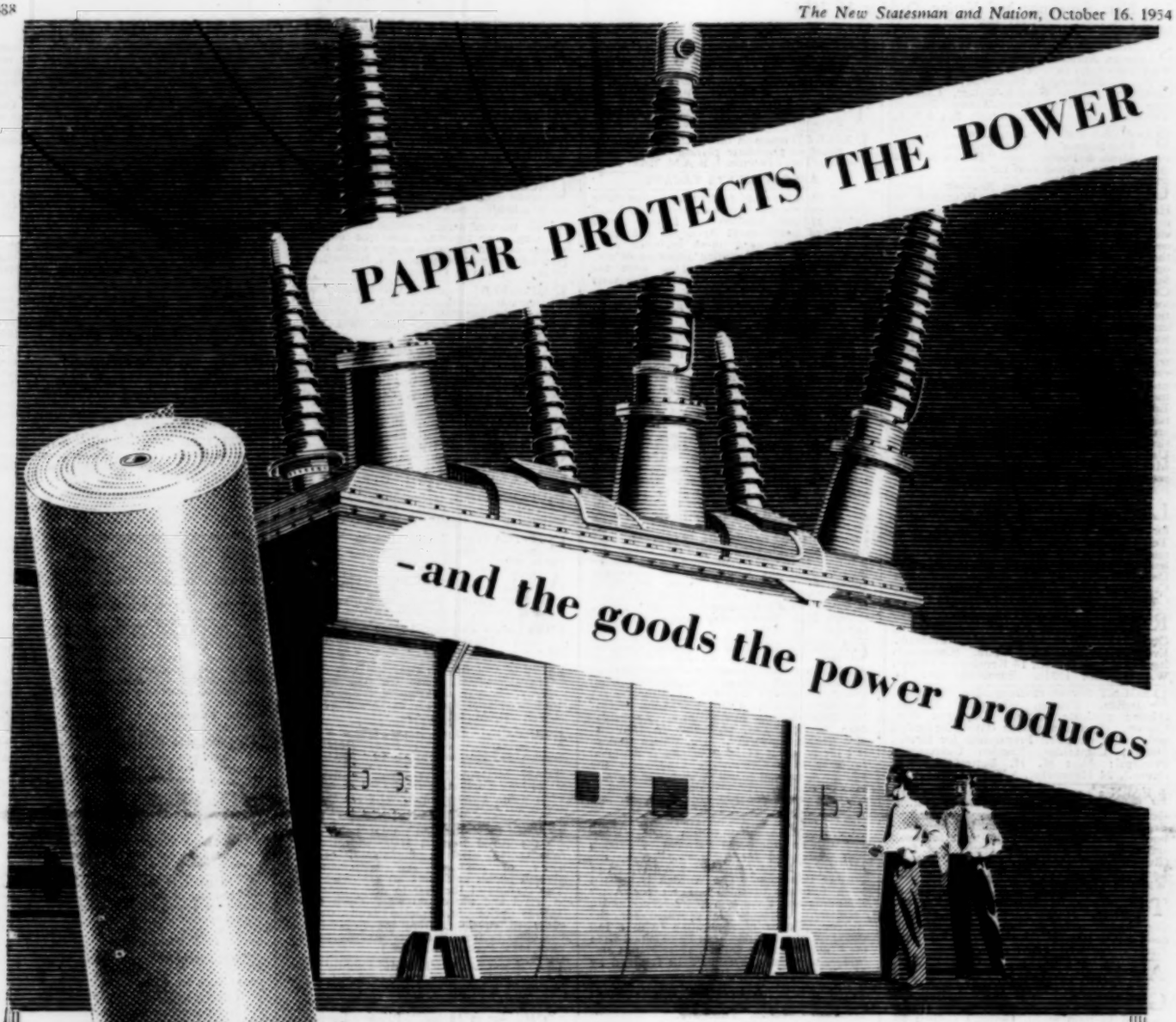


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Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1; Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.